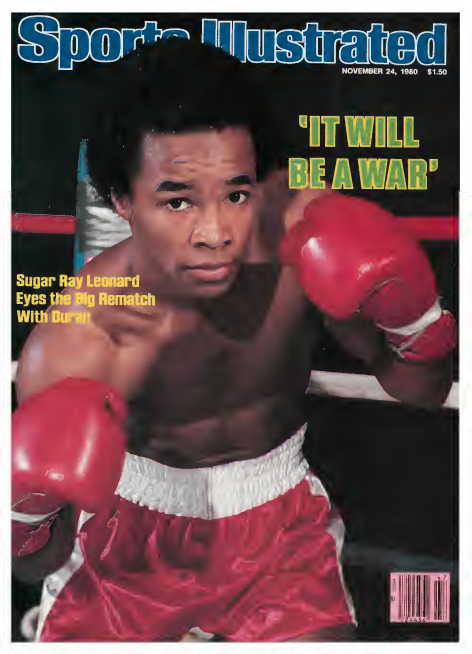


Sports Illustrated

A full-page photograph of Sugar Ray Leonard in a boxing ring. He is wearing red boxing gloves and red trunks with a white waistband. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression, his hands raised in a defensive stance. The background is dark, with some white and red ropes of the ring visible.

NOVEMBER 24, 1980 \$1.50

**'IT WILL
BE A WAR'**

**Sugar Ray Leonard
Eyes the Big Rematch
With Duran**



In either length—King or 100's:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar compared with U.S. Gov't. figures for brands that call themselves low in tar:

	tar mg./cg.	nicotine mg./cg.
Carlton Box (lowest of all brands)	less than 0.01	0.002
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton 100's Box	1	0.1
Carlton 100's Soft Pack	less than 6	0.5
Kent	11	0.9
Kent 100's	14	1.0
Merit	8	0.6
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Vantage	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
Winston Lights	14	1.1
Winston Lights 100's	13	1.0

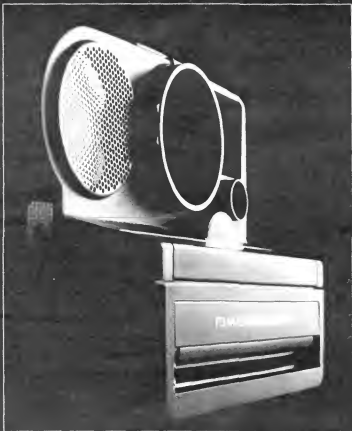


Carlton Menthol.
King & 100's
**The lighter
menthols.**

**King—
Less than
1 mg. tar,
0.1 mg. nic.
100's—Only
5 mg. tar,
0.4 mg. nic.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine; 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method. Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine.
Menthol: Less than 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine.
100's Soft Pack: Less than 6 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine.
100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '79.



This could have been the finest instant camera in the world.

Polaroid's Pronto Sonar Land camera is built around one of the most ingenious advances in photography since the invention of the camera, Sonar automatic focusing. You push a button.

Sound waves from the camera bounce off the subject. A built-in computer calculates the distance and automatically focuses the lens.

Simultaneously an electric eye sets the

correct exposure. In turn, the camera hands you a precisely focused, properly exposed, colorful picture. The user is free from concern over focusing, light exposure, or any manual adjustments. It's hard to imagine a better instant camera.

But there is one, Polaroid's SX-70 Sonar. It has everything Pronto Sonar has and more. Single-lens reflex viewing, closeup capability to 10.4 inches. And it

folds down to a slender, compact 1 by 4 by 9 inches handsomely covered in genuine leather and brushed chrome. And naturally, it's more expensive.

So when you consider the fact that you can own a Pronto Sonar for about half as much as an SX-70, it could make you think twice about which one to buy.

But the only way you might go wrong is not buying either one.

Polaroid's Pronto Sonar

© 1980 Polaroid Corp. Polaroid, SX-70 and Pronto

Elegant furniture.

Giant TV, too.



Doors closed, it's beautiful furniture that takes little more floor space than a console TV.

Doors open, it's a bright, giant screen 45" diagonal color TV that fills the room with action and excitement.

All-new, this Quasar TV includes major advances in electronic technology: 105 channels, 23 ready for cable TV.



Compact, computerized remote control tuning.

And stereo capability with 4 speakers and 2 separate audio amplifiers, for use with existing stereo audio equipment. Manufacturers suggested retail price under four thousand dollars.

That's fantastic! That's Quasar!

Quasar®

ONE GREAT IDEA AFTER ANOTHER

AFTER ANOTHER...AFTER ANOTHER...AFTER ANOTHER...AFTER ANOTHER...AFTER ANOTHER...



Component style, component features, integrated into one high-performance stereo system.

TV Pictures Simulated



Microwave/Convection Combination Oven that bakes and browns. With 3 separate functions, it's like 3 ovens in one.



Programmable Video Cassette Recorder tapes 6 hours of your favorite TV shows while you're gone for a week.



Your own personal, take-it-anywhere 5-inch diagonal TV with AM/FM radio. Runs on AC, DC or ordinary D-cell batteries.



Information Processor with memory capsules that translates words and phrases, gives instant facts on many subjects.

Quasar Company, Franklin Park, Illinois 60131.
Division of Motorola Electronic Corporation of America

CNA believes working with agents is one of the most effective ways we help keep insurance affordable.

"Our clients expect more of us as professionals; that's why we need an insurance company like CNA. Carl, Jr., is our life and pension specialist and David is our property and casualty expert. We have always accepted total responsibility for all of our clients' insurance needs. I'm convinced it gives them more confidence in us. We rely on CNA for life, auto, home and business insurance—because our clients rely on us for a well-integrated insurance program they can understand."

Carl R. Schlotman —
Carl R. Schlotman, Jr.
Independent Insurance Agent
Continental Associates, Inc.
Lincoln, Ohio



David L. Schlotman
Property and Casualty
Specialist

Carl R. Schlotman, Jr., CLU
Life and Pension
Specialist

INSURANCE FROM
CNA

Judge us by the agents who represent us

Continental Casualty Company Continental Assurance Company CNA Plaza Chicago, IL 60685

SEASON'S GREETINGS.



ASON



FOOTBALL SEASON



BASKETBALL SEASON



SKIING SEASON



HOCKEY SEASON



TRACK



ASON



HORSE RACING SEASON



GOLF SEASON



TENNIS SEASON



BASEBALL SEASON



SOCCE

EVERY WEEK.

Season after season, Sports Illustrated covers the world of sports like nobody else. And when you give a gift subscription, your thoughtfulness is remembered and appreciated like nobody else's. Every week of the year, 52 issues of Sports Illustrated are sale-priced now at just \$27.95. Only 54¢ an issue! A once-a-year savings of over \$8 off the basic annual subscription rate of \$36. Place your order before December 15 and get a personalized gift card to give or send. If the postage-paid reply card is missing, or you'd like faster service, call toll-free:

800-621-8200.

In Illinois, call 800-972-8302



Now pit your sports savvy #1 team of fast

FOOTBALL America's #1 selling computer sports game. Fake left and right against the computer defense. Now, cut up the middle, there's daylight—Touchdown!

FOOTBALL 2 All the features of our original Football game plus passing, kickoff and punt returns, safeties, interceptions and four speeds of All-Pro play!

BASKETBALL The #1 selling computer Basketball game. 24-second clock ticks. Dribble-drive through the computer defense. Only seconds left. Shoot—two points at the buzzer!

BASKETBALL 2 All our original Basketball game features plus, zone, press and man-to-man computer defenses, player-passing, three-point shots, violations and foul shots!

AUTO RACE The #1 selling computer Auto Race game. Race against the clock...steer against oncoming computer cars. Four accelerating gears speed you into the final lap—Record time!



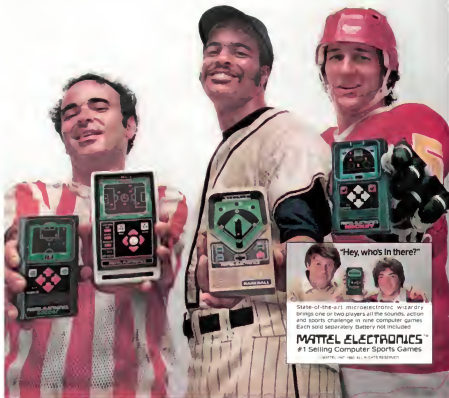
against Mattel Electronics® thinking computers.

SOCCER America's #1 selling computer Soccer game. Dribble left and right through computer opponents. Find an opening... fake the goalie. Kick—Score!

SOCCER 2 All the features of our original Soccer game now played over the entire field! You control the offense, passing between players and kicking high or low to pass and score!

BASEBALL America's #1 selling computer Baseball game. All-Pro computer defense fires fastballs, curves and change-ups. Smash a triple! You control the runner, stretch for home—Safe!

HOCKEY The #1 selling computer Hockey game. Your opponent weaves the puck through the computer defense. Called for charging... Penalty Box! Now you power-play, skate behind the goal, shoot—Score!



State-of-the-art microelectronic wizardry brings one or two players all the sounds, action and sports challenge in nine computer games. Each sold separately. Battery not included.

MATTEL ELECTRONICS™
#1 Selling Computer Sports Games

©MATTTEL, INC. 1980. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.



SUPER AVILYN:

So your videodeck won't pay for the sins of your videotape.

On the surface, videotape is the picture of innocence. But if its microscopic oxide particles and binder are not of the highest quality, loose oxide particles may shed into the works of your videodeck. And oxide shedding has been the downfall of a good many videodecks.

Super Avilyn is different. It's a super-refined videotape especially developed by TDK. Super Avilyn particles are virtually inseparable from their strong binder. They stick to the tape as your videodecks spin at 1800 rpm. Pictures stay faithful to the original. Virtually no drop outs or color loss. Brilliance and crispness from beginning to end. Even during six-hour play, when the tape moves at a bare .43 inches per second.

Before we told you all this, you could have innocently hurt your tape deck. Now that you know all about Super Avilyn, it would be a sin to use anything else.

TDK
The Vision of the Future



© 1982 TDK Electronics Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Shopwalk

by JACK McCALLUM

ELECTRIC FOOTBALL IS A SHAKY GAME THAT NONETHELESS GIVES GOOD VIBES

Every year around Christmas I have an urge to celebrate the rituals of the past, especially those of childhood, which is why I have been thinking about Electric Football lately. The game was one of the constants of my boyhood, a gift that I or one of my friends always received on Christmas morning. It was given to us annually because, perhaps by design, it was inevitably in disarray after a year's time.

My first urge was to buy one of the new Electric Football games, which are still put out by Tudor Games of Brooklyn, but I found the cost to be, as they say in government, "prohibitive," particularly if I chose the "NFL Super Bowl Electric Football" for about \$32. For \$22 I could get the "NFL Electric Football" game and then pretend it's the Super Bowl, but I'd only be fooling myself. For \$17.96 I could get plain old Electric Football without any NFL designation, but the thought of turning on the switch without the sanction of Pete Rozelle depressed me.

So I decided to settle for just playing a game or two on an old set—a rite of sentimentality akin to listening to old 45s—and tried to find somebody who had an old Electric Football. One friend thought his game was at his mother's house but called later to say, "She threw it out."

Then I found a guy who still had the game and I rushed over to his house. His set was broken. Now that's not news, because most things purchased 15 years ago are broken—except that Electric Football never worked quite right, even when you'd just taken it out of the box. It was part of the game's charm.

For the uninitiated, Electric Football is played with two teams of plastic statuettes of players, one team red and one yellow, on a metal football-field board. You plugged the game in, flicked a switch and the field vibrated: the vibration set in motion the players, who were mounted on little "runners." Each team had a few backs molded in the classic running pose—one leg up, ball cradled against the chest, other arm straight out to straight-arm defenders, like some Lilliputian Red Grange. There were also interior linemen in the three-point stance.

Now you're ready. You lined up your men so that your back had plenty of "blocking," slipped the ball (a tiny piece of felt) under the runner's arm and turned the game on. At this point one of several things happened:

(1) There was a massive pileup at the line of scrimmage—something like the old flying wedge play that led Teddy Roosevelt to

threaten to ban football—from which your back simply couldn't exorcise himself.

(2) Your back took off like a bat out of hell... toward the wrong goal line, something like Roy Riegels in the 1929 Rose Bowl.

(3) A strange tropical disease suddenly beset your back and he began moving in a circle, around and around, joined, perhaps, by two or three linemen eager for any break from the tedious routine of blocking.

(4) Nothing.

When your ground game was stopped by factors out of your control, your only option was to take to the air. For this you would need your 12th player, a sort of spring-loaded quarterback who, at least in theory, could propel the piece of felt at one of your receivers. If springman hit the receiver, it was a completion; if he hit a defensive player, it was an interception; if he hit the television set in an adjoining room, which is usually what happened, it was an incompletion and you could ship him back to the Philadelphia Bulldogs. You couldn't be too hasty with that move, however, because springman was also your punter. If you think he couldn't pass, you should've seen him kick.

After a scoreless half hour or so, you became a little tired of the game and stopped it to do something constructive—like taking the wings off moths and placing them on the vibrating field. You could turn the vibrating to high, for example, which would make a horrible loud noise guaranteed to drive your mother to distraction. Or you could line up the players and have races, confirming your suspicion that the linemen were actually the fastest and straightest runners. In the throes of a deep adolescent ennui, I once placed kernels of corn on the field and just watched them jump around. There wasn't much to do in those days.

A young friend who has one of the 1980 Tudor Electric Football games tells me the technology is much improved. Roy Riegels are the exception rather than the rule, and dancing linemen are considered flukes who can be replaced. Further, the "runners" are interchangeable, so if a lineman has a "good bottom," as my young friend says, he may be obliged to lend it to a running back, a bit of bionic surgery that seems to go against the rules of the game. One thing that hasn't improved, though, is springman; my friend says that he leans toward running plays even on third and 25 because springman's passing is still so erratic.

Though Electric Football sales are still brisk, according to Tudor, the game is no longer the rage it was 20 years ago. Computer football, it seems, has taken over. But I'll take the oldtime Electric Football over some newfangled computer game every time. There's something vaguely sinister about using computers to play football, whereas with Electric Football you just have good ol' cheapo technology breaking down.

END

Unmarked Pack Tests Prove Merit Breakthrough.

**Significant majority rates MERIT taste
equal to - or better than - leading high tars.**

More MERIT Proof

Taste science created it. Research confirms it. MERIT is the first low tar entry proven to deliver the taste of leading high tar brands.

Blind Taste Tests: In tests where brand identity was concealed, a significant majority of smokers rated the taste of low tar MERIT equal to—or better than—leading high

tar brands. Even cigarettes having twice the tar!

Smoker Preference: Among the 95% of smokers stating a preference, the

MERIT low tar/good taste combination was favored 3 to 1

over high tar leaders when tar levels were revealed!

MERIT is the proven alternative to high tar smoking. And you can taste it.



© Philip Morris Inc., 1990

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's Avg; 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Men; 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec/79

MERIT

Kings & 100's

INTRODUCING THE NEW WORLD CAR



ENGINEERING TEAMS FROM AMERICA AND OVERSEAS JOIN FORCES TO CREATE A NEW CAR WITH BETTER IDEAS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Top engineers drawn from the world-wide resources of Ford Motor Company teamed up to create Escort.

They pooled their expertise—compared, tested, evaluated, experimented—to come up with better ideas. The result: a high-mileage car built in America to take on the world. Escort will be made in America for American drivers—with other models built and sold overseas.

HIGH MILEAGE THROUGH ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY

Escort's fuel efficiency comes from highly efficient new power teams, the use of special weight-efficient steel, refined aerodynamics and other new and better ideas, not less car. In fact, Escort has the room of a compact (based on EPA Volume Index).

ESCORT	30	44
EVEN HIGHER GAS MILEAGE THAN THESE LESS ROOMY SUBCOMPACTS.		
VW RABBIT (4-SP)	29	42
TOYOTA COROLLA H-8	31	39
HONDA ACCORD	32	36

*Applicable only to sedans without power steering or air conditioning. For comparison: Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage and City ratings lower. Excludes diesels.

ONE OF THE MOST POWER-EFFICIENT ENGINES AVAILABLE IN AMERICA

Escort's advanced-design compound valve hemispherical head (CVH) engine focuses the incoming



combustion charge for power efficiency. Result: high mileage plus power for freeway driving.

And Escort has a new manual transmission with fuel-efficient fourth gear overdrive standard.

FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE AND FOUR-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION

Escort has front-wheel drive... four-wheel fully independent suspension... rack-and-pinion steering... stabilizer bar and new all-season steel-belted radials. And Escort makes use of a special steel—high-strength steel—along with other weight-efficient materials, for high mileage. Plus Escort offers a special all-new fast-cooling air-conditioning system.

FORD ESCORT



Escort Liftgate—4 doors and wagon room when you need it.

DRIVE A WORLD CAR

Whether you buy or lease, see your Ford Dealer now to order your Escort—3-door Hatchback, 4-door Liftgate—ten choices in all—even a Squire wagon option. And remember to ask about Ford's Extended Service Plan.

EVERY ESCORT HAS ALL THESE FEATURES STANDARD

- Front-wheel drive for traction.
- Fully independent four-wheel suspension for smooth road-holding.
- New-design compound valve hemispherical head (CVH) engine.
- Fully synchronized manual transmis-

sion with fuel-efficient fourth gear overdrive (automatic available).

- Rack-and-pinion steering.
- Bucket seats—scientifically contoured for comfort.
- Front stabilizer bar.
- All-season steel-belted radials.
- Lifeguard Design Safety Features.
- AM radio. (May be deleted for credit.)
- Electro-drive cooling fan.
- Pin slider disc brakes.
- Self-adjusting clutch.
- Front-wheel bearings need no periodic adjustment.
- Hideaway luggage compartment.
- Fold-down rear seat for extra cargo.
- Rectangular Halogen headlights.
- Fresh-to-pass headlight control.
- Handy European-style wiper-washer fingertip control lever. And more.

BUILT TO TAKE ON THE WORLD

FORD ESCORT

FORD DIVISION



Sideline

by KIM CHAPIN

THE RAILCYCLE IS ONE MAN'S METHOD OF MAKING TRACKS IN THE WILDERNESS

The coyote was scurrying along a farm road in the rolling Palouse country of southeastern Washington when Dick Smart, my guide and mentor, spotted him. I might have seen him first, but at the moment of the sighting, I was 60 feet above the road attempting to pedal a Rubie Goldberg invention of Smart's—the railcycle—across a trestle that was not equipped with guardrails. I gingerly braked to a stop, just in time to see the coyote disappear, and then, feeling a puff of wind at my back, I lurched forward toward the far side of the trestle. It was my first such crossing—not to mention my first coyote; when I completed it, I felt a certain wobbly pride.

Smart smiled. "Some of my guests aren't ashamed to get off the cycle and walk across," he said as he pedaled his contraption down a less frightening stretch of track.

Smart is a 36-year-old dentist who lives in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. He's also a regional historian, railroad buff and outdoorsman, and what he has done is pretty much reinvent the wheel. The railcycle, which is his name for a bicycle modified for travel on railroad tracks, brings together the best of two worlds. It offers speed to the ardent backpacker and easy access to the wilderness for the avid cyclist—if they can forget their fear of high places and get the hang of riding Smart's machine.

While much of the estimated 350,000 miles of railroad track in the U.S. offers an unobstructed view of the bowels of Manhattan, the old Chicago stockyards and other such urban delights, some lines pass through areas of unusual beauty. Within a 75-mile radius of Smart's home, for example, are the golden prairies of western Washington, the aforementioned Palouse and the silver-rich Bitterroot mountain range, which rests on the border between Idaho and Montana. All are crisscrossed by a network of railroads, much of it seldom or never used these days, laid nearly a century ago by the three companies—the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific and The Milwaukee Road—that once engaged in furious competition for the lucrative route between Chicago and Seattle, and all are accessible, on a moment's notice, to Smart and his unusual cycle.

There are only two Smart railcycles in ex-

istence. He drives the five-speed and his guest uses the three-speed. He has just been granted a patent on his branchchild.

Each railcycle begins life as a Schwinn Spitfire, a standard heavy-duty bicycle. Extending downward from the front axle is an assembly consisting of two travel wheels and four guide wheels. The travel wheels, cast-molded urethane jobs cannibalized from a skateboard, ride on top of the rail directly in front of the Spitfire's front wheel, and they are flanked by the guides—rubber wheels six inches in diameter—that extend down the sides of the rail five-eighths of an inch. A similar assembly, made up of one travel wheel and two guide wheels, is directly behind the Spitfire's rear wheel. A railcycle rides the left rail. Extending from the rear axle, roughly parallel to the ground, is an outrigger that stretches to the right rail. At the end of the outrigger is a rubber roller that rides on the far or right rail.

A railcycle has other features rarely seen on a bicycle. A compact but extensive tool kit offers instant aid in case of a mishap. There are head- and taillights, powered by a generator that draws its energy from the rear wheel, and a flashlight up front to give added illumination while transiting train tunnels. A



safety brake can be used to prevent a stopped railbike from rolling downhill. For long trips, a small piece of nylon webbing stretched between the outrigger and a support strut allows a rider to bring along a loaded frame pack and other camping essentials. These additions (not including the frame pack) bring the total weight of a railcycle to 85 pounds, about 40 pounds more than the original Schwinn.

Riding a railcycle is a tricky proposition. A rail can be from two to 3½ inches wide, and all that keeps a moving railcycle upright on it are those six guide wheels, whose five-eighths-inch overhang is all the fat joiners that hold the rail together every 20 feet or so will permit. Smart warned me that a railcycle was perhaps 25% more difficult to ride than a street bike, and he wasn't kidding.

My maiden voyage, which took place the day before the Great Trestle Crossing, was a 16-mile jaunt through the Bitterroots. We put on northwest of Saltese, Mont., and continued up hill to Lookout Pass, near the Montana-Idaho border, where we turned around.

Boarding a railcycle is a bit like mounting a horse. A section of rail can tower six inches above the ties, and the ties themselves are six inches high. Thus, where there is little or no ballast in the roadbed, you can find yourself sitting about a foot higher in the air than you would if the bike were on solid ground.

Also, the expression "straight as a rail" could never be applied to the railroad. Tracks bow in and out, they lean to the left and right, they go uphill and down, and they negotiate turns. And the turns are banked, like those of a stock car track. These are things you don't notice if you are in the club car sipping a dry martini, but on a railcycle they're quite evident. When the rail leans left, you lean right, and vice versa. In this respect, railcycling is like skateboarding, surfing and sailing: you spend a lot of time heeled over.

There are other hazards. Before Smart added a cowcatcher to his railcycles, small stones could cause derailments. Precipitation, as well as grease and oil, makes the rails slippery. Debris stacked on the tracks by vandals is also of no small concern.

Nonetheless, only one of Smart's guests has suffered a serious injury. About three years ago a rider didn't notice a spike that was wedged in a gap between the ends of two sections of rail and flew head over heels and handlebars, severely gashing his head. Fortunately, Smart got the man to a hospital in plenty of time. A week later the guest was back—wearing a crash helmet.

With this firmly in mind, I negotiated my first quarter-mile with wary ease. Just when I was feeling full of it, however, the front assembly jumped the rail with a clatter. I crashed seven more times in the next 3½ miles, before settling into a less taxing routine of perhaps one derailment every two miles.

Smart said this was normal for first-time guests. He also pointed out that after a week-end-long ride it usually takes him five or six days to straighten out the guest bike.

With my frequent mishaps slowing us down, we covered about three miles in an hour, roughly twice what a backpacker could expect to make in the mountains. On the upward trek to Lookout Pass, on grades that approached 4% over a vertical distance of 2,000 feet, our speed between derailments hovered around 5 mph; on the return trip, when all we had to do was ride the brakes and enjoy the magnificent scenery, we hit 9 mph. I bravely

continued

OLD
GRAND-DAD
86
PROOF

HEAD OF THE
BOURBON FAMILY

What your old grandad gave his old grandad.
Carry on, son.



OLD
GRAND-DAD
86 PROOF

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
UNDER UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KY

*Special people have been
giving special people
Old Grand-Dad for almost
100 years.
Carry on the holiday
tradition.*



Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.
86, 100 and 116 proof. Bottled in Great
Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co.,
Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

Ever wonder why she's smiling?



■ Koss stereophones let you hear the ultimate in musical fidelity at a fraction of the cost of most speaker systems. That's really worth smiling about!

■ Koss stereophones mix the music in your head, not on the walls of your room. So you can play up a storm without causing one... any time of the day or night.

Here Koss Stereophones, Loudspeakers and K/402S Digital Delay System at your audio dealer. Write Dept. MJK for a free color catalogue. And for a full-color Mono-Lite poster include 50¢ to cover postage and handling.

KOSS stereophones/loudspeakers
hearing is believing®

KOSS CORPORATION 4129 N. Port Washington Ave., Milwaukee Wisconsin 53212 Facsimile Worldwide



When you help start a Scout troop, there's no guarantee one of the Scouts will grow up to hit 755 home runs.

But you never know.

For all the facts on how your organization can support a Scout troop, call Boy Scouts of America, The Eisenhower A.M.E. 2 on Church or fourmille Alabama and find out what they've got to show you.



SIDELINE continued

tried for 10 but promptly derailed again. On a well-picked roadbed over level terrain, Smart can churn along at up to 15 mph. (Where the bed isn't well packed, jumping the rail at that speed can be nasty, sort of like smacking into a 12-inch pothole with a 10-speed bike.) Smart has covered 45 miles in a single day; pressed, he could easily do 75.

But he's in no hurry. He has refused to motorize the railcycle, saying, "It's enough to go slow, enjoy the scenery and have lunch by a mountain stream."

This he does frequently. He takes about 10 all-day or overnight trips a year and often rides for R&R at the end of the work day. His longest jaunt was an 11-day trip to British Columbia last year. He and a guest drove in a pickup to Fort St. James, hopped a train to the Driftwood Logging Camp, near the 55th parallel, and then pedaled 42 miles along an abandoned line into a part of the Canadian wilderness thought in recent years to be accessible only by airplane.

The son of a retired forest supervisor, Smart fell in love with the railroads during a childhood spent in Idaho and western Montana. "One Christmas my biggest present was the one sent to me by an aunt in New England," he says. "I was more fascinated by the fact that the present arrived on The Milwaukee Road than I was by the gift."

One day five years ago he saw a picture of a bicycle-like device with flanged wheels that was kept in the baggage compartments of O.R. & N. trains early in the century. When their trains broke down, brakemen would pedal on the contraption to the next station to find help.

That picture was the catalyst. Smart's first railcycle hit the track in 1976 and jumped it 100 feet later. After much trial and error he came up with his current model. For what purpose, beyond his own enjoyment, he's not sure. He would like to market the railcycle someday, but he fears what would happen if it were used by people not as careful as he. Nor does he know what the official reaction of the railroad companies would be.

Unofficially, it's just fine. Smart pretty much rides to abandoned lines, though once, on an active line, he had a surprise meeting with a train coming round a mountain bend at perhaps 10 mph. No problem. The railcycle can be removed from the track in a few seconds. His most frequent encounters are with work crews. "Usually," he says, "they want to take a ride."

Sadly, at least for Smart, railroad tracks are often torn up within a year or two of their abandonment. Thus his railcycle is sometimes the last vehicle to ride a disused section of storied track, and that does provide Smart with a certain satisfaction. Says Doug Bruce, a Coeur d'Alene radiologist who is a frequent rider of the guest railcycle, "Given his choice, I think Dick would really prefer to be a hobbit."

END



Arabian desert dwellers engaged in traditional game

Right, golf.

To people who work for us, a round of golf is an ordinary part of life in Saudi Arabia. There's no grass, so each player carries a portable Astroturf "fairway".

We're Aramco, the Arabian American Oil Company. There are 13,000 North Americans in Saudi Arabia with us. And some things about our lives there might surprise you.

1. We're doing something important. Aramco produces more oil than

any other company. Badly needed oil. Including about 15 percent of the oil America imports.

2. The Saudi Government and Aramco are working together on some *incredibly* large energy projects, communications networks, electric utilities, and more.

3. Our people are glad to be in Saudi Arabia with Aramco. They came for excellent pay and professional challenge.

4. After 46 years in Saudi Arabia,

Aramco is still growing fast. So is the number of rewarding jobs we offer.

5. Jim Burchett, center, birdied the 16th to beat Mike Ehlers and "Sib" Sibley.

ARAMCO

SERVICES COMPANY

1000 Milam Building F.S.,
Houston, TX 77002
(713) 654-3264

BOOKTALK

A DIFFERENT KIND OF TRIPLE PLAY: FROM THE GOOD TO THE BAD TO THE BORING

Whether you want to jog around the block near your hotel or take a 40-km. run through Berlin's Grunewald Park—where the deer and the wild boar play—*A Runner's Guide to Europe* (Penguin Books, paperback, \$5.95) is just what you need. Cowauthors Jere Van Dyk, a sometime 4:00 1 miler from the University of Oregon, and Aden Hayes have done their homework and put together a compendium of running venues covering 24 cities from Helsinki to Florence.

The Guide offers an assortment of city runs and tells how to get to the most suitable parks, forests, tracks and boulevards. The authors heartily endorse riding the train, subway or bus in sweat suits to more distant courses.

They tell you what to wear, when to run to beat the traffic, where not to run and what cultural attractions, restaurants and

pubs are along the route. They also fill the reader in on local customs, climate and personal safety, especially as it pertains to female runners—plus information about pharmacies, hospitals and swimming, tennis and squash facilities.

Van Dyk's and Hayes' favorite courses include Edinburgh's Holyrood Park, Paris' Bois de Boulogne, Oslo's Sognsvann forest, Copenhagen's Jaegersborg Dyrehave (3,500 acres of woods, hills and ponds, which, the authors claim, is perhaps the best running site in Europe), Brussels' Forêt de Soignes and Helsinki's Parkkola Sports Park. A Van Dyk-Hayes special: a predawn luge to the Acropolis for an inspiring view of Athens and the sea beyond.

Though the Guide lists running loops in all 24 cities, Rome is described as "a tough course" and Milan as a place with comparatively few places for runners to "stride out."

The Van Dyk-Hayes directions can get quite complicated as they suggest several options for running a course—varying distances and degrees of difficulty—while trying to keep the runner from getting lost. Schematic maps would have helped.

But that omission is balanced out by:

A glossary so the dehydrated runner can

order iced tea in Greek (*krio tsai*), yogurt in Finnish (*jauhurilli*) or dark beer in Swedish (*mörkt öl*).

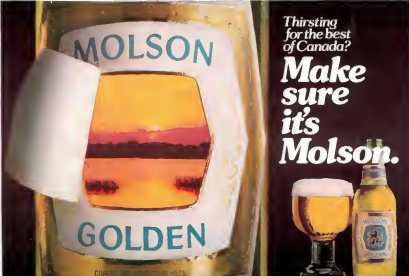
Anecdotal wisdom. Women runners should avoid Dublin's Connelly Street train station area at night because it gets "a bit ugly," the authors, who apparently have run every course in the Guide, tell us. They also advise buying cloudberries (known as *hauke*) in Helsinki's central outdoor market after a run and not to worry about the bats in Madrid's Retiro Park because they hang out only along a short stretch. The National Gardens, they say, are "the only spot in central Athens where you can smell the eucalyptus over the exhaust fumes," and they warn you to keep off the grass in Viennese parks.

Whether you're in Europe on business or vacation, the Guide says that running offers a special advantage. Write Van Dyk and Hayes, "Paris at dawn—before the cars, the horns and the traffic jam—is quiet, clear and stunning; and it can best be seen on a run."

—RICHARD ROGIN

The evidence on Bjorn Borg, as it filters through on the television screen and in news accounts, is that he's a pleasant young man, somewhat shy and diffident, fiercely protec-

continued



Thirsting
for the best
of Canada?

**Make
sure
it's
Molson.**

BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA; imported by Maritz Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

Open Sesame!



New Planters® Dry Roast Sesame Nut Mix.
A crunchy snack of peanuts,
cashews, and exotic sesame sticks.

**NOW YOU CAN OWN
A REPRODUCTION OF
FORTUNE'S FIRST ISSUE.**



**Order Now from Our Special
50th Anniversary Reproduction.**

Even today, fifty years later, the February, 1930 issue of *Fortune* is a magnificent magazine—a pioneering effort that defined a new standard of excellence in business journalism.

It was an impressive debut. The subjects covered range from glass and meat packing to orchards and private islands. Margaret Bourke-White's five-page picture portfolio on industrial life along the Great Lakes was a publishing milestone, as was the imaginative use of full color art and photography.

The style of art direction is surprisingly contemporary and even the advertising is a nostalgic delight.

This stunning reproduction on rich paper stock recreates the look and feel of *Fortune's* 184-page first issue. You'll surely want to save it.

Don't miss this opportunity to get a "new" fifty-year-old issue of *Fortune*. Our supply is limited, so order your copy today. And, perhaps, you'll want to order a few extras. They make perfect business gifts.

**THE PRICE IS \$25 PER COPY.
JUST SEND YOUR CHECK TO:**

**FORTUNE FIRST ISSUE
Room 1836
Time & Life Building
Rockefeller Center
New York, NY 10020**

NOTE: We cannot accept orders for reproduction of *Fortune's* 1930 issue. This is a reproduction of the first issue of *Fortune* and should be made out to *Fortune*.

© 1980 TIME, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

BOOKTALK continued

tive of his privacy, deeply in love with his radiant bride—and one of the best tennis players ever to step on a court.

But Borg does not appear to be an extraordinarily interesting fellow, and *Bjorn Borg My Life and Game* (Simon and Schuster, \$11.95), written in collaboration with Eugene L. Scott, is not an interesting book. Like Nancy Lopez' *The Education of a Woman Golfer* (SI, Nov. 19, 1979), the book seems to exist for no other reason than the celebrity of its subject, it discloses nothing of particular moment about Borg's life, and as a tennis instruction manual it has little value.

In fact, Borg remarks that "I have broken nearly every rule recommended by instruction books over the past fifty years." He sees tennis as "a game of instinct and common sense rather than proper grips and tedious tips." What he's saying, in other words, is that the advice he offers isn't going to be much more helpful than the advice anyone else offers.

That being the case, why then should one read *Bjorn Borg My Life and Game*? Well, if it interests you, there's a complete list of the products he endorses—nearly 40 of them, by my count—ranging from a Bjorn Borg calendar to a Bjorn Borg doll to a Bjorn Borg soft drink. There's the hot disclosure that Borg shuns American television is the cat's pajamas: "Do you know that people from Sweden come to the U.S. on vacation for two weeks, get a hotel room, turn on the color TV and never leave the room?"

Borg tells us that in his matches against Roscoe Tanner on a fast surface, his return of service is crucial. "Take that away from me and I might lose to Tanner every time." He says that "the fury of a McEnroe-Borg rivalry has not yet had a chance to boil over." He reminds us that as a teen-ager he was regarded as the "Bad Boy" of Swedish tennis and had to bring his temper under control by an act of willpower.

What's the point of all this? So far as I can tell, it is to "humanize" Borg, to make him seem less the iceman and more the ordinary guy. But is that really necessary? Why can't we just admire Borg for his stupendous skills, and leave it at that? He belongs on the tennis court, not in the pages of a perfunctory, exploitative book.

—JONATHAN YARDLEY

John Jerome started out with an imaginative idea for a magazine article: an examination of the physiological forces at work when an athlete hits the "sweet spot"—when he or she makes a "perfect" leap or swing or throw. But Jerome made an entire book out of it, a long one, and that was a mistake.

The book is *The Sweet Spot in Time* (Summit Books, \$13.95). It runs to nearly 350 pages, too many of which seem to exist merely to fill space. Although the book is well-intentioned and informative, so much of it—especially in the first half—is extraneous

or discursive that the reader's patience is soon exhausted.

An example of Jerome's sweet-spot theory that's doubtless still vivid in the minds of many fans occurred in the fourth game of the 1980 World Series. With the second of the two homers he struck that afternoon, Willie Aikens hit the sweet spot right on the nose. From the exquisite crack of bat against ball, to the ball's majestic flight that carried deep into the rightfield bullpen, to the heroic follow-through with which Aikens finished off his feat—it was a moment of sheer sports-perfection.

What Jerome seeks to explain is how and why such moments occur. His explorations are based in large part on the relatively new science of biomechanics, defined by one of its leading practitioners as "the use of objective techniques to analyze patterns of body movement, the timing of body movements, and the forces which create or result from movement."

The fundamental point of biomechanics, Jerome writes, is that "every human movement, from raising a cup of tea to the lips to pole-vauling eighteen feet, is a product of levers moving through arcs." Later he writes: "Once one begins to comprehend human movement in terms of levers and arcs, the necessity, in sports, for good arcs—for true trajectories, accurate timings, impeccable meetings of subject and object—becomes apparent. It is inescapable."

Perhaps so. But between those two statements lie fully 170 pages of divagation. Before getting into a specific discussion of the various elements of sports performance, Jerome insists on taking the reader on a tour of the human body. Anatomy 101. He makes an earnest effort to write science for the layman, but he ends up with prose that patronizes the reader too many strained metaphors and similes, too much cuteness, too little clear explanation.

When at last he finishes the anatomical tour d'honneur, the book picks up. There are enlightening discussions of the revolution in sports equipment (shoes, for example, better designed to accommodate the workings of the human foot), the use of steroids and amphetamines, the evolution of the East German sports factory, the research being conducted at such centers of sports science as Penn State and Ball State.

All of this is fine, and Jerome's enthusiasm for his subject is attractive. But his book fails on three counts. Its prose is irritating and self-indulgent. It doesn't make complex scientific information comprehensible to the general reader. And it drifts off onto so many highways and byways that it loses sight of its central subject. Too often you find yourself asking, "But what does this have to do with the sweet spot?" Any book that loses its main theme is a book in trouble.

—JONATHAN YARDLEY

The Nikon EM **It's easy. It's inexpensive. And, it's a Nikon.**



The electronic Nikon EM may very well be the world's easiest-to-use fine 35mm camera.

You simply focus and shoot. And, you get great photographs even if you're not a great photographer.

If you would rather think of the EM as the world's finest easy-to-use camera, you would be right, too. This light, small precision camera is every inch a Nikon. And, as you probably know, Nikon cameras are the overwhelming choice of professional photographers.

You'd never suspect such a fine camera could be so inexpensive. Fact is, the Nikon EM is one of the lowest-priced automatic 35mm reflex cameras you can buy. It also accepts a low cost Nikon automatic flash, motor drive and all of the nearly 70 magnificent Nikon lenses.

Try the Nikon EM yourself, soon. You'll find it easy to use and easy to own. And, very hard to resist.

© 1980 Nikon Inc.
Garden City, New York 11530

Announcing the 1981 ~~Cutlass Sedan.~~

Hawkins!



"This Cutlass is us.
Practical. So we call it
the 1981 Hawkins!"

"Yep, practical! Four doors and room for six people in stretch-out comfort. This car was designed and built for a family. Yet these classic lines would suit a millionaire. Sensible price tag, too—and great resale reputation. Mileage? Very good with the standard V6 engine. Even *better* with the diesel that's available. ...When we saw this car, we knew it was *us*. The *practical* new '81 Hawkins!"

Oldsmobile

WE'VE HAD ONE BUILT FOR YOU.

STANDARD V6
Equipped with
Automatic Trans.

21 **30**

EPA Est. Hwy. Est.
mpg

REMEMBER: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. Estimates lower in California. Oldsmobiles are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

IMPORTANT: Computer Command Control is on all standard 1981 gasoline engines. It helps reduce exhaust emissions while allowing good fuel efficiency.

DIESEL V6

23 **34**

EPA Est. Hwy. Est.
mpg

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

PRIORITIES

A four-member committee has been named to find a chancellor to head the University of Nevada. A 17-member committee is meanwhile searching for a new athletic director for the university's Las Vegas campus.

DEAR JOHN...LOVE, DAVE

It's only natural that Dave Winfield, the top prize in baseball's 1980 free-agent draft, would have personal preferences as to where he'd like to play. Still, one wishes the San Diego Padre slugger hadn't tried to cloak those preferences in the mantle of magnanimity, which he did in sending letters to 15 clubs suggesting that they not waste first-round draft choices on him. Winfield explained that he would love to play for a contender but, more important, that he needed "a metropolitan area" in which he could "make a significant contribution to young less fortunate children."

Winfield is doubtless sincere in saying he'd rather play for a contender—what player wouldn't?—and he's to be commended for the good work his Dave Winfield Foundation has done with disadvantaged children, providing them with, among other things, tickets to baseball games in various cities in sections designated as Winfield Pavilions.

But the list of teams to which Winfield sent his letter aroused all kinds of suspicions. It included Baltimore and Pittsburgh, both pennant contenders and both situated in metropolitan areas with no shortage of social problems waiting to be tackled by a charity-minded baseball star. On the other hand, Winfield's preferred list—in other words, the teams that didn't receive letters—included the Mets, who wouldn't figure to be a contender even with Winfield in the lineup.

What most of Winfield's choice teams do seem to have in common are owners willing to part with big bucks. In fact, many baseball observers felt Winfield's letter was calculated to make sure that the free-spending Yankees wouldn't be

shut out of the bidding. Because they had the best record in baseball last season, the Yankees were to draft last and, under the rules, would have had a shot at Winfield only if 12 or more clubs ahead of them passed on him. When the draft was held last week, enough teams did pass on Winfield that the Yankees were able to draft him. But the 6'6" Winfield wound up a mite diminished in stature in the process.

TRDY'S BOYS

A few days before USC's 34-9 win over Stanford on Nov. 8, *Los Angeles Times* columnist John Hall provided further testimony to Trojan football prowess by noting that in NFL games the previous weekend Atlanta's Lynn Carr and Tampa Bay's Ricky Bell scored two touchdowns apiece, while Chicago's Vince Evans, Pittsburgh's Lynn Swann, Oakland's Bob Chandler and Dallas' Dennis Thurman scored one TD each. Thus, Southern Cal alumni scored 48 points on the same glorious weekend. Hall resisted the temptation to recall the time his own school—in fact, just one alumnus of that school—scored 40 points in one NFL game. That occurred on Nov. 28, 1929, and the 40 points Ernie Nevers amassed (six TDs, four PATs) in accounting for all the Chicago Cardinals' scoring in a 40-6 win over the Bears still stands as the NFL single-game scoring record. Hall's restraint was admirable. He, like Nevers, went to Stanford.

DETOURS & SHORTCUTS

As far as anybody knows, the course for the recent New York Marathon was faithfully followed by all of the runners. This was in sharp contrast not only with the '80 Boston Marathon—remember Rosie Ruiz?—but also with:

1) The Boise State Invitational cross-country meet on Oct. 24, in which James Roitch, Mike Musyols and Suleiman Nyambui, all of defending NCAA champion Texas-El Paso, were running one-two-three when they and three pursuers

took a wrong turn. The race was won by Weber State's Doug Friedli, who had been trailing the leaders by 200 yards but kept on the course, which was marked by arrows. Said Friedli of his lost rivals, "Maybe when you're running that fast you can't see the arrows."

2) The Portland (Ore.) Marathon on Oct. 26, in which a motorcycle policeman escorting the runners made a wrong turn and was followed by the first 25 participants, who ran an extra seven-tenths of a mile as a result. One of the errant runners, Lionel Ortega, doubled back to win the race but in a time obviously far slower—2:28:21—than he would've clocked had he stayed on course.

3) The Marine Corps Marathon on Nov. 2 in Washington, D.C., in which the entire field of 6,500 inadvertently took shortcuts at several points, with the result that everyone ran three-tenths of a mile shy of the regulation distance of



26 miles, 385 yards. One shortcut came about when a press vehicle turned off the course and the runners mistakenly followed. According to one witness, it didn't help that a Marine sentry, who had an arrow pinned on his chest indicating the direction in which the runners should go, was turned the wrong way. Michael Hurd won an apparent course record of 2:16:55, but then it was ruled that, to make up for the shortcuts, all elapsed times had to be multiplied by 1.01163. Under this formula, Hurd's adjusted time was 2:18:31, which was 24 seconds slower than the course record.

continued



"...but it sounded
sensational
in the store."

You've just invested \$800 in the hi-fidelity system of your dreams. Now it's turning into a nightmare. Where has the sound gone? The sound that sold you on the system? The answer is all around you.

What a difference a room makes.

Hi-fidelity systems are made to exact specifications. But, those specifications don't include your room dimensions and "personality" — i.e., drapes, carpeting, ceiling height, etc. And, they all affect the sound your system ultimately delivers.

How ADC Sound Shaper® equalizers custom-tailor sound.

In a nutshell, ADC Sound Shaper® equalizers segment the audio frequency range and adjust the level of each segment to achieve the sound you want. And, unlike the basic "tone control," an equalizer can balance even the most difficult midrange frequencies.

An ADC Sound Shaper not only eliminates distortion caused by your room, it will actually improve the sound quality of your speakers, eliminate or reduce rumble, hiss and surface noise

from even your old "goodies," improve record, tape and broadcast quality and, in the case of the Sound Shaper Two, allow you to make and dub studio-quality tapes without a studio.

Re-mix records while you listen.

A recording engineer mixes and balances music based on his ears. Which may mean that you don't hear what you want to hear.

With an ADC Sound Shaper, you can. Want more vocal and less instrumentation? — You can have it. It's easy. And, the LED-lit slide controls available on most models make it even easier, because you can visually plot the equalization curve.

There's an ADC Sound Shaper to suit your taste...and your wallet.

ADC makes several different Sound Shapers. Everything from the basic Sound Shaper One, to our top-of-the-line Sound Shaper Three, the Paragraphic™ equalizer.

For more information, just look for the "Custom-Tailored Sound" display at fine audio stores everywhere.

Custom-Tailored Sound



Sound Shaper® FREQUENCY EQUALIZERS

®Sound Shaper is a registered trademark of Audio Dynamics Corporation.



A BSR COMPANY

BSR U.S.A. Inc. Bayside NY 11003
BSR (Canada) Ltd. Rexdale Ontario

It works beautifully on budgets.



If you can't think of a way to tighten your belt any tighter, we can. And it won't hurt.

Get a Xerox small copier.

It can save you money on copies because it uses plain, inexpensive uncoated paper. And gives you crisp, clear copies even if the originals are faded carbons or on colored paper.

It will also save you money on mailings. Because a Xerox small copier can copy on your own letterhead and on mailing labels as well.

But best of all, a Xerox small copier can even save you money on the copier. Because you can get one for a lot less than you'd think. Whether you buy or rent.

So before you decide on a small copier, send in the coupon or call 800-648-5600, operator 261*. Especially if you're interested in saving money.

We'll even arrange a free demonstration. Now, that's certainly within your budget.

- ☐ I'd like a sales representative to contact me.
☐ I'd like to see a demonstration.
☐ I'd like more information about Xerox small copiers.

Send to: Xerox Corporation, P.O. Box 24,
Rochester, N.Y. 14601.

Name

Title

Company

Address

City State Zip

Phone

SI 112480

XEROX

*In Canada call 800-387-5275, ext. 261.
XEROX is a trademark of XEROX CORPORATION.

REUNION

As manager of the Boston Red Sox, Don Zimmer feuded with a number of his players, including pitchers Rick Wise, Ferguson Jenkins and Bill Lee. In 1978, after the Sox unloaded Wise to Cleveland and Jenkins to Texas, Zimmer told reporters he was grateful "we don't have anybody like Rick Wise and Fergie Jenkins, who cried all the time, got the hell beat out of them and blamed me." Zimmer's players and former players frequently replied in kind. When Lee, then still with Boston, characterized Zimmer as a "gerbil," Jenkins, safely in Texas, piped up, saying the manager reminded him of a buffalo. How so? "Because," said Fergie, "a buffalo is the dumbest animal on earth." Jenkins also lambasted Zimmer as "a short, fat man who knows nothing about baseball." Zimmer issued one-third of a denial; he said he did, too, know something about baseball.

Zimmer was fired by the Red Sox in October and last week, upon being hired to manage the Rangers, was reunited with Jenkins. That created an awkward situation, although probably no more of one than when Ronald Reagan tapped as his running mate George Bush, who had accused Reagan of practicing "voodoo economics." If Bush can pitch for Reagan, Jenkins can probably do the same for Zimmer, especially because, as the Ranger right-hander bravely insisted last week, "Zimmy and I have patched it up."

JACK BE NIMBLE, JACK BE QUICK

Seattle Seahawk Coach Jack Patera doesn't cotton to media folk. He tends to dismiss their questions with clipped answers, and his approach to the traditional postgame press conference borders on outright hostility. As the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer's* John Owen describes the scene: "When Patera confronts some 30 newsmen after a Seahawk home game, he glowers as though facing a team of jackasses and waits with thinly disguised ill humor for the first one to bray."

Not surprisingly, writers and broadcasters appear to be intimidated by Patera, witness his press conference following a game in the Kingdom two weeks ago in which the Seahawks blew a 13-point lead and lost to Kansas City 31-30. Arriving for the interview session, Patera stared out at the assembled reporters and snarled, "Go ahead." He was greeted by stark silence and timorous ex-

pressions. "That's it," he said, exiting. One newsmen clocked a tape of the four-word press conference and found that it lasted 7 seconds.

RINGSIDE ROUNDUP

Notes from the violent world of pro team sports . . . Boston Bruin Defenseman Ray Bourque, last season's NHL Rookie of the Year, suffered a broken jaw last week in a fight with the Detroit Red Wings' Dennis Polonich and will be sidelined for at least four weeks. Just another refutation of the oft-heard claim by the NHL that "nobody can get hurt in a hockey fight." The NBA, which earned high marks in curbing violence when Commissioner Larry O'Brien leveled a big fine and suspension against Kermit Washington for punching Rudy Tomjanovich in 1977, deserves somewhat lower grades for its handling of a recent altercation between Denver's Dave Robisch and New York's Marvin Webster. Holding that Robisch started the scuffle with "a forearm or a fist" but that Webster "overreacted" in punching Robisch, Deputy Commissioner Simon Gourdine last week fined them \$1,000 and \$2,000, respectively, whereupon Knick President Mike Burke declared, "We're behind Marvin. We would like to pay the fine if permissible." Burke was understandably puzzled as to why Robisch got off with a lesser penalty after having started the fight. Nevertheless, if clubs pay players' fines—a practice supposedly ruled out by the NBA—how can such fines be a deterrent against fighting? . . . NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, who had earlier fined Chicago Bear Defensive Back Doug Plank \$1,000 for spearing Tampa Bay's Jimmie Giles, fined Bear Defensive End Mike Hartenstein a like amount for spearing the Eagles' Ron Jaworski. Good for Pete, but some NFL-watchers were wondering 1) why no penalties were called on either Plank or Hartenstein during the games in question, and 2) why the NFL is even less vigilant about spearing by offensive players, late hits and crackback blocks, all of which are also illegal and dangerous but tend to be winked at by both referees and Rozelle's office. . . . Would that Rozelle and the other commissioners heeded the characteristically sensitive musings of the Bears' Alan Page, who had this to say recently about brutality on the playing field: "It makes me think about not only my own value

system, in that I'm out there, a part of it, but also of the values of a society that comes to watch it. It's almost like boxing. Grown men just pounding on each other. It's interesting that we as a society should stop dogfighting and cock-fighting. Yet with human beings, not only do we allow it, we promote it."

FILLY FAN

George Brett may not be a Phyllis fan, but he has grown fond of a certain filly—a seven-month-old weanling show horse named Funquest Siri. Brett bought the horse, a Morgan, two months ago and last week showed her at the American Royal (yes, he was a Royal at the Royal) Horse Show in Kansas City. Clifford Stice, a Morgan trainer who helped Brett select the horse, guided Funquest Siri into the show ring as the "leader," while Brett entered after the horse as the "trailer." Funquest Siri placed fifth in a field of nine, but her owner clearly stole the show. By special dispensation from American Royal officials, the handler's number Brett wore on his back was 390—representing his 1980 batting average.

STUMPING FOR MITCHELL

George Rogers, Jim McMahon, Marcus Allen, Art Schlichter, Mark Herrmann, Hugh Green, Herschel Walker—all are Heisman Trophy candidates and all are big, strapping lads who stand 6' 1" or better. Where does that leave The Citadel's running back Lyonna (Stump) Mitchell, who has scored 14 touchdowns, ranks behind Allen and Rogers (and just ahead of Walker) in rushing but is only 5' 9"? Ernie Trubiano suggests in the *Columbia* (S.C.) State that Mitchell may have to settle for the Heisboy Trophy.

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Dunn, Portland State baseball coach, after his school's football team beat Delaware State 105-0: "Does Delaware State have a baseball team?"
- Steve Stone, whose wholly unexpected 25-7 record resulted in his winning the American League Cy Young Award and a \$10,000 "Cy Young bonus" from the Orioles: "That was the second most important clause in my contract. The first was the one that guaranteed me \$10,000 if the Orioles attacked the Russians."
- Billy Tubbs, Oklahoma's basketball coach: "This year we plan to run and shoot. Next season we hope to run and score."

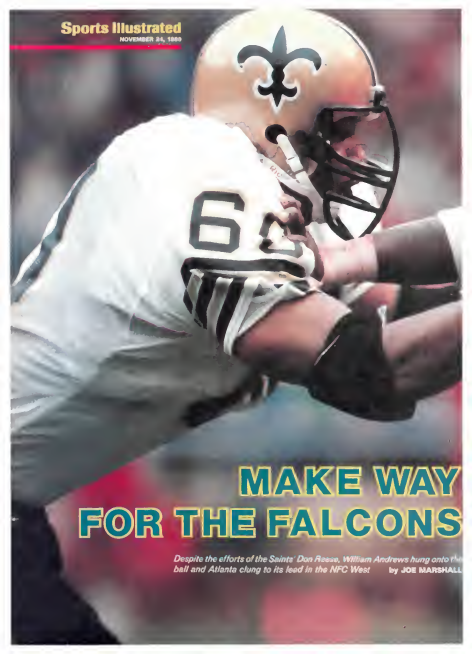
END



Because you enjoy going first class.

In Paris or at home, life's more satisfying when you're enjoying the best. That's Passport. Enjoyed worldwide because it's made of Scotland's finest whiskies. Ask for Passport—go first class.

Passport Scotch.



Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 24, 1999

MAKE WAY FOR THE FALCONS

Despite the efforts of the Saints' Don Reese, William Andrews hung onto the ball and Atlanta clung to its lead in the NFC West

by **JOE MARSHALL**



For a while Sunday against the hapless, hopeless and winless New Orleans Saints, it looked as if the Atlanta Falcons meant to do their teetering trick again. In six of their seven wins going into Sunday's game at Atlanta's Fulton County Stadium they had come from behind, sometimes by means of near miracles. It took a bomb in the final two minutes to beat Los Angeles, and two weeks ago the Falcons trailed St. Louis 24-6 at halftime before tying the Cardinals and then winning in overtime. Now, just four plays into the Saints game, they were behind again, 7-0.

Archie Manning had moved New Orleans 80 yards with ridiculous ease to that score, which came on a 26-yard pass from Manning to Wes Chandler, who found himself wide open behind an obviously confused Atlanta secondary. And after that, the NFC West-leading Falcons, who earlier in the week had been accused in

an Atlanta newspaper of behaving like the overconfident hare in another celebrated race, behaved as though they were determined, this time, to let the opposition stay in front. Twice in the first quarter they reached the Saints' one-yard line. From those two drives, however, they netted only three points. In jeopardy was the one-game lead they held over the Rams in their division.

But that, as it turned out, was as far as the Falcons were prepared to let the foolishness go. On this day, at least, they would need no miracle finish. They went ahead for good in the second quarter, held a 10-7 lead at halftime and from there on methodically put the Saints away, 31-13. The weapons were the same ones they have been using all season: the passing of Steve Bartkowski, the running of William Andrews and Lynn Cain, and the hard hitting of a young defense that is murder against the run. The victory, Atlanta's fifth straight, made its record 8-3 and, unhappily for the sports desk moralists, left the Falcons every reason to be overconfident about the future. For one thing, league rules say that each conference must send five teams into the playoffs, and at the moment there are only six in the whole NFC with winning records.

Bartkowski is enjoying his finest season. The 6' 4", 213-pound, sixth-year quarterback put Atlanta in front to stay with five minutes left in the half on a perfectly thrown 47-yard pass to Wide Receiver Alfred Jackson. In the second half Bartkowski dived one yard for the Falcons' second touchdown and then threw two more scoring passes—five yards to Wide Receiver Wallace Francis and 10 yards to rookie Tight End Junior Miller. Bartkowski's job was made easier by the fact that the Saints were having so much trouble stopping the running of Cain and Andrews, who gained 93 and 79 yards, respectively. Rushing like that made Bartkowski's play-action passes work like magic.

Meanwhile, the Atlanta defense was allowing New Orleans just 82 yards running, the third straight week it had kept an opponent below the 100-yard mark. True, the secondary was giving

up 235 yards in the air, but Atlanta has never claimed to have a pass defense. As one Falcon official put it last week, "If we had a secondary, we'd be dangerous."

The defense didn't yield the Saints' second touchdown, meaninglessly by then, until less than two minutes remained in the game. Most of the crowd of 53,871 had already departed, leaving a banner behind the south end zone that summed up their feelings. It said WE LOVE OUR NO. 1 FALCONS.

That sentiment represents a big turnaround for the Falcons, who were booed mercilessly in the early years of the franchise. In those days fumbles and interceptions often seemed part of the Falcon game plan. Firing coaches in midseason was standard practice, and the front office was the laughingstock of the league. The corporate name of the Falcons is The Five Smiths, Inc., after owner Rankin Smith's five children, but the way management operated, The Three Stooges, Inc. would have been more appropriate.

The football follies in Atlanta came to an abrupt end on Feb. 1, 1977, when Smith turned over control of the front office to Eddie LeBaron, the 5' 5" former quarterback of the Washington Redskins and Dallas Cowboys, who was practicing law in Las Vegas at the time. Two days later General Manager LeBaron hired Leeman Bennett, a Ram assistant, to be the Falcons' fourth coach in less than three years. Together with Player Personnel Director Tom Braatz, they quickly reversed the Falcons' fortunes. Atlanta finished 7-7 in '77 and in '78 made the playoffs for the first time, with a 9-7 record. Last year the team slipped to 6-10, but five of those losses were by less than seven points.

LeBaron defines his organizational philosophy this way: "Plan your work and work your plan." His plan, gleaned from his days with the Cowboys, is to concentrate on the draft and be patient while the players develop. Since he took over three years ago, Atlanta hasn't dealt away a single draft choice, while trading for seven belonging to other teams. In fact, both Andrews and Cain, who this season have rushed for more yards than any other tandem in the NFL, were chosen on draft picks acquired in trades.

Before they arrived last year, Atlantans hadn't seen a ground attack since Sherman marched his visiting team to the sea. The two newcomers seemed unlikely candidates to change that situation,



A tip to Francis produced the third Falcon touchdown

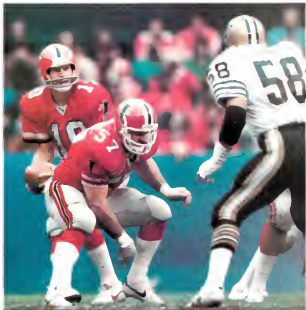
because both had spent most of their time in college blocking for real running backs. At Auburn, Andrews had cleared paths for two such, Joe Cribbs, the Buffalo rookie who is the AFC's third-leading rusher, and James Brooks, who last week broke Cribbs' school career rushing record. Cain was the fullback who led the way for Charles White during White's junior year at USC.

However, Andrews was an immediate success, rushing for 100 yards in each of his first two games. He went on to set a Falcon single-season mark of 1,023 yards, and with 443 yards already this year should break that record easily. He also caught 36 passes and has caught 38 more this season—an even bigger surprise because he had only seven receptions total in his college career. Andrews is just six feet, 200 pounds, but he's a punishing inside runner. This year he is third in the NFL in yards per carry, at 5.1 despite the fact that his longest run has been but 33 yards.

In contrast, Cain's first season ended in disaster when he tore up his right knee in the 10th game. Privately, the Falcons doubted whether he could ever come back, but Cain was determined. Instead of going home to Southern California he spent the off-season at the motel next to the Falcons' practice facility. He would jog up to seven miles a day and then work for hours on the team's weight machines. At night he had a recurring nightmare in which his knee once again collapsed under a defender's hit. Cain didn't even have a car to provide an occasional escape from his routine. "Never have I seen anyone pay the price that Lynn Cain did," says Bennett. But that work paid off. Cain returned to the starting lineup at full speed this year and the 6'1", 205-pounder now leads the Falcons in touchdowns with eight.

The biggest factor in Atlanta's offense, however, is Bartkowski. He was already there when LeBaron and Bennett arrived in '77, but his career seemed destined to be a disappointment. When the Falcons made him the first pick of the draft in 1975, he was dubbed "the savior." "I really thought I could walk in here and turn this thing around overnight," he says. Bartkowski tried to live up to the image off the field, too. He was driving a Porsche and frequenting the nightclubs on Peachtree Street.

Then his life went sour. A whirlwind romance with an airline stewardess led to



Bartkowski, who passed for three TDs Sunday, has put his life in order and opponents in disarray

a disastrous 130-day marriage. There was a driving-under-the-influence arrest. Injuries began to cut into his playing time. By his fourth preseason, in 1978, the cheers had turned to boos. After he was booted off the field following a miserable showing in an exhibition loss to Philadelphia, he cried in the locker room. His confidence gone, Bennett benched him.

"That was the lowest I've been in my life and it was the best thing that ever happened to me," Bartkowski says now. "My priorities were all wrong. Football was the most important thing in my world. It was my god and I was losing the ability to handle it. Those boos totally overturned me as a person. The only way God could get through to me was sitting me down on the bench. I had to do a lot of thinking, but finally I gave everything to God. He's given it back to me tenfold."

Bartkowski reclaimed his job in the third game that season and went on to lead the Falcons to a wild-card berth while setting team single-season records for completions and passing yardage. He broke those records last year and

will undoubtedly set new ones this year.

Bartkowski has learned to keep defenses guessing by distributing his passes evenly among his targets. Wide Receivers Francis and Alfred Jenkins. Running Back Andrews and Tight End Miller have all caught between 30 and 40 passes. Bartkowski has never before thrown fewer interceptions than touchdowns passes in a season, but this year he has passed for 20 TDs, a club record, while being intercepted just 11 times.

Nowadays, Bartkowski's conversation is sprinkled with references to God and the Bible, but he isn't didactic. "The Lord is my life now," he says, "but because of my leadership role on this team I can't go forcing my views on others." Asked how his faith has actually helped his play on the field, Bartkowski replies: "Matthew 6:33 says, 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.'" Then he concludes with a smile, "Last year the Lord added two running backs."

Wherever the credit belongs, these days the Falcons are on high. **END**



Before the last run, Discovery II's crew carefully inspected the aluminum-and-polyurethane hull



GOING FOR BROKE AT 300 MPH

In pursuit of the world water-speed mark, Lee Taylor roared across Lake Tahoe. Then his dream was shattered

by COLES PHINIZY



Last Thursday, the 13th, 46-year-old Lee Taylor, a cheerful, dedicated man devoid of superstition, climbed into his 40-foot rocket-powered boat, *Discovery II*, intent on reclaiming the world water-speed record he had once held for 10 years. The site he selected, alpine Lake Tahoe, 6,200 feet up in the Sierras, was ideal for such an extravagant gamble. The thin air at that altitude would not only afford less resistance to *Discovery II* as it sped along on a limited fuel supply, but would also reduce the risk of the craft's taking off into the air—a common failing of vehicles that attempt water- or land-speed records.

The weather was perfect, the water conditions nearly so. The sky was almost cloudless, the wind so soft it could bare-

ly be felt on the cheek. On the lake surface there were slick, silvery patches of untroubled water, but most of the course over which Taylor would travel was darkened by two-inch ripples that would help his sponsored craft break out of the water and onto a plane. There were random swells a few inches high, but none seemingly as bad as those he had encountered on test runs at record speed a few days earlier.

At 10:58 a.m., with his craft aligned for the first of her two required runs through a one-kilometer timing trap, Taylor reported by radio: "Hydraulics on, Safety valve open. Inner safety valve open. Regulator, 525 p.s.i." He then gave the rocket engine two quick bursts, and 20 seconds later, two more. At 11:01 he

reported, "Regulator, 525 p.s.i." At 11:02 he was off. At first *Discovery II* seemed to be struggling to escape the fury of spray and fuming steam she created. As the boat leaped higher out of the water, moving ever faster, the spray and steam thinned out behind her. On the previous day, in a preliminary run over rougher water, *Discovery II* had bounced so violently that the paneling on her 40-foot fuselage had buckled. On that run the spray had so blinded Taylor that he had shut down prematurely, thinking he had exited from the far end of the trap.

This time the trim of the boat, laterally as well as fore and aft, was obviously better. As the craft streaked through the trap, Jack Arden, communications director in Taylor's recovery boat, shouted to

continued



GOING FOR BROKE (continued)

the radio network strung along the 6¼-mile course. "It's looking good. It's looking good." A brief moment later—two seconds, perhaps three—*Discovery II* was swallowed in billowing spray. In the next sliver of time, fragments of the boat flew 50 feet high. "Oh God, Lee!" someone cried. "Lee, can you read me?" Lee, can you read me?" Arden shouted.

In five seconds a helicopter was over the destruction site. Nearly 200 feet of the course was strewn with chunks of flotation foam. There were five identifiable objects afloat. The largest was the forward 22 feet of the fuselage, the smallest, Taylor's red helmet.

A liquid-fueled rocket of the sort used by Taylor is a simple machine of multiple virtues. It doesn't require the many precision parts of a turbojet; it doesn't have the complexities caused by the many moving parts of a gas engine. It produces power by the simple catalytic reaction of hydrogen peroxide. Its only offensive emission is noise. Beyond all that, a rocket's output is very consistent and predictable. Through the kilometer on his final, fatal run, Taylor was clocked at 269.83 mph, well off the 318.60 mph he needed for a record. It is likely, however, that when he crashed he was moving at close to record pace. Some who saw the horror say he seemed to be slacking off in the last seconds, but because the boat was moving rapidly away in the distance, such judgments are suspect. At the speed dialed in for that trap, *Discovery II's* fuel load of 104 gallons allowed a running time of about 42 seconds. The actual time to the crash was 32 seconds. The fuel tank recovered in the fore section of the fuselage was still about a quar-

ter full. *Discovery II's* time through the kilometer trap was 8.29 seconds. When these scraps of data are plotted against known performance of the craft, they support the thesis that Taylor had started his run too close to the trap and was still climbing up the steep slope of the acceleration curve when he was killed.

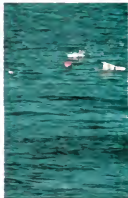
Taylor likened his boat to the Saturn moon rocket, describing it as a "zero defect design." As the Saturns had progressed, so, too, would he, faster and still faster, in cautiously measured steps. He was enthusiastic, yet always low key. In discussing his ambitions or the fine points of rocket power, it was his habit to tip-toe from word to word softly, slowly, almost musically, as if telling a bedtime story to a child. His optimism was well-contained within the boundaries of cold fact, and understandably so.

Taylor grew up in Southern California, the land of speed. In high school and junior college in Gompson, a community that has produced quite a few incredible athletic hulks, in his words, he "majored in football." He went to the University of Washington on an athletic scholarship, but being married and already a father of three when a scandal in the old Pacific Coast Conference broke in 1956, he couldn't afford to carry on without the extra pay under the table. So Taylor returned to California and became a precision grinder, making a living sharpening cutlery, surgical instruments, poolie chippers, whatever. He got into fast boating largely because he lived near the noted marine designer, Rich Hallett. In the '60s Taylor set a water-ski record of 92 mph and competed in aquatic dragracing.

In 1964, in his first quest for the world

water-speed record, he was almost killed aboard a jet boat called *Hustler*, in the process subjecting himself to double jeopardy that should have dissuaded him from ever trying again. During a test run on Lake Havasu, he misjudged his speed with relation to the rapidly approaching shoreline. As they say in the trade, he ran out of water. While still going 175 mph, Taylor jumped out of his boat, skipped more than 90 feet across the water, bounced as limp as a Raggedy Ann

A TV camera caught the rocket's last throes.



doll over a rocky spit of land and then landed again in water.

A Coast Guardsman, Nick Galtish, jumped from an escorting helicopter and pulled Taylor out. The chopper pilot found a sloping rock face on which to put down. While Galtish was strapping the unconscious Taylor into the helicopter, the craft began to slide off the rock. The pilot applied power, lifted off at a dangerous, canted angle and crashed into the water. Taylor was pulled out by another Coast Guardsman. In the double disaster Taylor sustained a fractured skull, hip and ankle and lasting damage to his left eye. *Hustler* had come to rest, relatively intact, 25 feet up a 30-degree slope. Taylor was in a coma for 18 days and spent six and a half months in hospitals. Three years later in the same *Hustler*, he broke the world record on Lake

Guntersville in Alabama with a two-way average speed of 285.21 mph.

At Lake Tahoe, a few days before his final run at the water-speed mark, Taylor observed, "If you examine the performances of just about anybody who has tried it, you'll find it is not a tantalizing pursuit." To judge by history, the quest for the record is a strange gambling game: the odds are dead even, and the payoff sometimes handsome, but the stakes are entirely too high. In the past half cen-

Segrave regained consciousness long enough to be told that on his first assault he had set a record. Then he died.

John Cobb, the London fur broker who also set the land record three times, was, like Segrave, a calculating man. His *Crusader* was the first jet-powered, sponsored craft designed specifically and exclusively for record-breaking. On his first run on Loch Ness, in 1952, Cobb did 206.8 mph. On her return run *Crusader* caromed off a rogue swell, jumped twice again and then plunged in an explosion of steam and flying parts. Cobb died before he could be taken to shore.

In 1955, Mario Verga, an Italian accomplished in class competition, tried for the record on Lake Como in Italy. While traveling close to 200 mph, his prop-driven hydroplane, *Laura III*, took off into the air, then nosed in, killing Verga.

The luckiest and unluckiest of them all was Scotland's Donald Campbell, a man with a compulsion inherited from his father, Sir Malcolm, who held the land-speed record nine times and the water-speed mark three times between 1924 and 1939. Like his father, Donald was a man beset by portents and premonitions. In seven successful attempts between 1955 and 1964 he raised the water record from 202.32 mph to 276.33 mph. On the eve of his final try, while playing solitaire in his cottage on Lake Coniston, England, he turned the ace and queen of spades. He reminded his companions that it was the same combination of cards that had foretold the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots.

"Someone in my family is going to get the chop," he observed. On his first run the following day he bettered his previous mark by more than 20 mph. On the return run, a seam 200 yards from the end of the trap, his craft lost the water and did a backward loop before diving almost vertically in. Campbell's body was never found.

Taylor's second quest for a record began 10 years ago under the guidance of assorted technicians. Then in 1977, while *Discovery II* was still far from ready, an Australian named Ken Warby exceeded Taylor's mark of 285.21 mph by a few mph. A year later, in the same *Spirit of Australia*, Warby boosted the record, astonishingly, to 317.60 mph. Warby did have some expert help, but, in the main, his *Spirit* was a homemade machine. To Taylor, in the midst of a long, painstaking

effort, such seemingly haphazard success might have been ranking, but it wasn't. Taylor was confident his more thorough effort would get the record back.

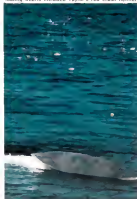
What went wrong at Lake Tahoe? There will probably never be a certain answer. Collision with flossam or untimely impact with a freak swell are very remote possibilities. Before the run the clear waters of Tahoe were carefully scanned by boat and from the air. From the vantage point of most spectators on the steep shore paralleling the course, the rocket boat seemed in good trim fore and aft. But one picture taken as *Discovery II* entered the trap shows the boat heeling excessively, its left sponson too high. It could have been such lateral instability—difficult to detect from water level or from the air—that did Taylor in.

The water where the boat disintegrated ranges in depth from 93 feet to more than 300. In three days of searching over a 200-foot stretch, divers and men topside using remote cameras spotted many bits and pieces of *Discovery II*, none large enough to be meaningful, most of them small enough to fit in a wastebasket. Only two pieces could be identified: the tip of the left sponson and a metal strap that held an accessory air tank.

"I hope they don't find him," a friend said as the search went on. "This is harder on people who worked with Lee than it would be on him. He's up there with the other kings of his game."

END

Floating debris included Taylor's red crash helmet



tury, only 10 men have made officially sanctioned runs for the record, and five of them have died in the attempt. It is a gamble as dispassionate and unpredictable as a cold draw of cards, at times seemingly defying percentages.

The late Sir Henry Segrave, who before venturing on water had broken the land-speed record three times, was a man of calculating mind, devoid of superstition. In 1930, on Friday, the 13th of June, on Lake Windermere in England, he smashed the world water-speed record of 93.12 with an average of 98.76 mph for the two requisite runs, although at the time he was unaware of his feat. Because conditions were good and his *Miss England II* going so well, he said to his teammates, "Let's give her another try." Traveling at better than 100 mph *Miss England II* struck a tree limb and flipped.



Taylor, after 10 years of work, a fatal moment

NOTRE DAME HAD 'BAMA BOUND

and also gagged, shutting out the Tide 7-0 to remain undefeated and in the battle for the national championship

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Preparing his team for last Saturday's game with Alabama was just another ho-hum week for Notre Dame Coach Don Devine. Which is to say, it was miserable. But then he has grown accustomed to misery. During his six years as Irish coach, Devine has endured countless rumors that he would be fired if he didn't win on a given Saturday; he always won on a given Saturday. O.K., so he'd be fired if he didn't have a good season; he always had a good season. Nevertheless, before this one began, Devine himself let it be known that he would be leaving at the end of 1980, win, lose or lynched.

But even by Devine's standards, last week was the pits. He was trying to rally his depressed team, which had lost 3-3 the week before to lowly Georgia Tech, after seven straight wins. Now there are purists who would say 3-3 isn't a loss. Not Notre Dame Defensive End Scott Zetek. As he succinctly put it, "If you don't win, you lose." This debacle cost Notre Dame its No. 1 ranking—after only one week at the top—and the team was dropped to No. 6 in the AP poll. The 3-3 tie created another problem for Devine: how to get freshman Quarterback Blair Kiel propped back up emotionally after the confidence-shattering treatment he was accorded by Tech.

Rising to the occasion, Carter dives over for Notre Dame's—and the game's—only touchdown



Moreover, the disheartened Irish were about to go on the road for the fourth week in a row, this time into Bear Bryant's den in Birmingham, and there were the injuries, of course. And finally, there was yet another upsetting rumor, this one published as fact in the *Chicago Tribune*, which said Devine would return as coach next year and that this would be announced after the Alabama game. There was no announcement.

For all that, it was a sanguine Devine who methodically prepared his team for the big game with Alabama. At home last Thursday night, he was musing about his squad. "I've yelled at some of these guys so much that I don't know why they even listen to me, much less do what I tell them," he said. "But they're great kids. Aw, what the heck. I'm not much good as a coach, but I'm great at cooking steaks."

Sure enough. Standing out back of his

South Bend home wearing his Notre Dame Fighting Irish jacket, he hovered over the steaks on the charcoal grill like a mother hen. He fretted about the coals—too cool, oops, too hot. Devine frets about everything. But he did ultimately prove that if he gives up football, he can always make it as a chef.

Two days later at Legion Field, he proved he also knows a bit about coaching. Notre Dame was gloriously prepared for Alabama, a team that had been No. 1 itself for seven weeks. Despite a 6-3 loss to Mississippi State, it was still very much a challenger in the confusing chase for the national title. Said Ben Cook, editor of the *SEC Sports Journal*, "After two national championships in a row, Alabama fans now feel it's their birthright."

So what did Devine's Irish up and do? They stemmed the Tide by a score of 7-0 right there in Bear's turf, leaving Bry-

ant 0-4 against Notre Dame lifetime. Three months ago the Irish had looked like a team that would go 7-4 and then play in a bowl that would leave their New Year's Day calendar clear. They were up against the ninth toughest set of opponents in the country. Alabama had the 62nd toughest on its schedule, but how do you factor in an aroused Notre Dame? As Zettek was saying before the game, "I feel sorry for the team that's on the field when we put it all together." At which time, Bama showed up.

It was only the second time Bryant had seen one of his teams get shut out at home in his 23 years at Alabama. Two of his earlier losses to Notre Dame cost him national titles. The first time was in the 1973 Sugar Bowl, when Alabama was ranked No. 1, Notre Dame No. 3, and both were unbeaten. The Irish scored a dramatic 24-23 victory, featuring a desperation end-zone pass by continued



Cruel to Notre Dame was its inspired defense, which several times stopped Alabama cold when even a yard might have meant the game.



Irish resistance was led by linebacker Crabie, who seemed to be everywhere, bigger than life

When Oliver's foot slipped, his field goal try was blocked and the Irish missed an easy three

NOTRE DAME *continued*

Tom Clements. The next year unbeaten Alabama, No. 2-ranked and with designs on No. 1, played twice-whipped Notre Dame in the Orange Bowl. This time the Irish won 13-11, thanks to an interception late in the game when Alabama might have kicked a field goal to win.

Asked how he felt after Saturday's defeat, Bryant said, "Well, I went out there and wasted my afternoon." But the game wasn't a waste for the fans. It was a hard-knocking, tense struggle before 78,873 spectators and a national TV audience. When it was over, the Irish had an invitation to the Sugar Bowl, where they will play Georgia in what could be a battle for the national championship. In defeat, Alabama agreed to go to the Cotton Bowl and play Baylor for the money. Asked if Notre Dame could perform any better than it did Saturday, Devine said softly, "I don't think so."

As it developed, the outcome was decided in a wild flurry that started with 9:37 to play in the second quarter, when "Bama had the ball with a third-and-four on its own 12. Quarterback Don Jacobs attempted to hand off to his fullback, Billy Jackson, but the ball hit Jackson's hip, hit the ground, and Irish Defensive End John Hankerd jumped on it. "I didn't hit anybody but I'll take credit for the fumble," he said. "Some Alabama guy grabbed it, too, but I had it more than he did."

continued



FOOTBOLS FEVER!

Bols liqueurs and brandies turn a tailgate party into a "Tailgreat Party"!

Next time the tailgate gang gets together, turn on the style and bring out the Bols! Bols liqueurs and flavored brandies can be used to make dozens of deliciously exciting drinks! Catch FootBols Fever and serve Bols at your next tailgate party. It's a great way to score extra points with your guests!

Bols liqueurs and brandies... since 1575.



Kickoff The Tailgate Season With This SuperBols Offer.

1 Bols Kint Hat (Blue)	\$ 3.95 Amt. _____
1 Bols T-Shirt (Brown M., L., XL)	4.95 Amt. _____
1 Bols Stadium Blanket (Blue) and Carrying Case	19.95 Amt. _____
1 Bols Tailgate Tote (30" White)	7.95 Amt. _____
	Total \$ _____

SEND TO:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Make check/money order payable to FootBols Offer. New Jersey residents add 6% sales tax. Price includes postage and handling. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Offer good for limited time only while supply lasts. Offer void in KY and all other states where prohibited by law. Mail to: FootBols Offer P.O. Box 6767, Bridgeport, NJ 08607.

BOLS
LIQUEURS & BRANDIES
SINCE 1575

Enjoy more than 30 BOLS liqueurs and brandies 30-76 proof. Produced and bottled in the U.S.A. under personal supervision of the Amsterdam Directors Erven. Lucas Bols Distilling Company, Louisville, KY.





We give you front-wheel

Imagine that. Front-wheel drive, which goes in our most expensive, top-of-the-line Riviera, is also standard on our least expensive Skylark.

We bring this up not necessarily to sell you on one or the other, but to demonstrate that good thinking is not something we lavish only on our most rarified offerings.

Rather, it's a family trait.

For instance, the rich velour interior fabrics that surround you in the Riviera are also found in the Skylark Limited.

Look under the hood of either car, and you'll be greeted by a wide and intelligent array of available engine choices. From diesels and

turbos and V-6 engines in the Riviera, to a V-6 and a 4 in the Skylark.

Riviera.		Skylark.	
Standard 1.8 liter engine.		2.5 liter engine available.	
30	20	35	22

Likewise, in terms of quality, looks, comfort, quiet, efficiency of design and use of space, you'll find a common thread of thought. Not just in Riviera and Skylark. But throughout the Buick line.

We like to think that this approach will hold us in good stead in the years to come. And in the process, it should make your decision on



drive at both ends.

which car to buy a good deal easier.

Because on careful examination, we believe you'll find it's not so much a matter of whether to buy a Buick. It's just a matter of which Buick.



*Riviera equipped with available 5.7 liter diesel
REMEMBER: Compare the "estimated mpg" to the "estimated mpg" of other cars. You may get different mileage, depending on how fast you drive, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. (Buicks are equipped with GM-built engines supplied by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)



WOULDN'T YOU REALLY RATHER HAVE A BUICK?

"My new 6-hour Panasonic home video recorder speeds up a slow ball, slows down a fast ball, stops the ball, and even finds the ball."

"You'll have a ball watching me or anything else on TV with this new Panasonic 6-hour VHS™ home video recorder (PV-1750). Panasonic calls it Omnivision® with Omnitex and Omnisearch.

"Omnitex lets you see the action in slow motion, high speed, freeze frame or one frame at a time.

"Omnisearch makes it easy to find the scene you're looking for. Because it plays the picture in fast forward or reverse.

And both Omnitex and Omnisearch work by remote control. "Omnivision means you'll be able to record for up to 6 hours on one cassette. And this home video recorder even

Reggie Jackson

lets you record 8 different games, shows or movies over 14 days, even while you're on the road.

"And now when you buy any Omnivision VHS recorder, Panasonic will give you a \$30.00 gift certificate* toward the purchase of a great pre-recorded movie from Columbia Pictures. Like 'Close Encounters of the Third Kind - The Special Edition,' 'The China Syndrome,' and 'Chapter Two.'

"Panasonic may call it Omnivision. But it has so much on the ball, I call it 'Reggievision.'"



**FREEZE
FRAME**

**OMNI-
SEARCH**

**HIGH
SPEED**

**SLOW
MOTION**

*Offer at participating dealers only.
December 31, 1985. TV picture simulated.

Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time

So the Irish took over on the 'Bama 12 and punched it down to the 1, whereupon Kiel stepped away from the center too quickly and the ball squirted out of his hands. "I thought, 'Oh, God, I really blew it.'" said Kiel. 'Bama's Middle Guard Warren Lyles covered the fumble on the one. Two plays later Jacobs was involved in another fumble, on his own three, and Zetek, who made nine tackles on the day, recovered it. With the Irish, he said later, "doing the unusual is commonplace."

On the second play after Zetek's recovery, with the ball on the Alabama two and 6-02 to go in the half, Kiel called Power Right 33 Seal. Phil Carter, the splendid Irish halfback, took the hand-off and crashed up the middle, diving and stretching into the end zone. Carter, the game's leading nusher with 84 yards, is that rare breed, the kind of back who genuinely loves to run straight ahead and take on the linebackers. "I like to take a beating," he has said. For his part, Devine says, "I always see all 22 players on the field every play, but Carter is so fast that once I only saw 21."

Still, the Tide had its chances. In the third quarter it missed a 37-yard field-goal attempt. On the first play of the final quarter, fourth down and two from the Notre Dame 35, Alabama was stopped cold. The Irish blew a 19-yard field goal from a difficult angle midway through the fourth quarter when Harry Oliver slipped as he was about to kick the ball. Given this reprieve from what would have been a 10-0 deficit, Alabama had one last opportunity to tie—win if it scored and made good on a two-point conversion. But with the ball on the Notre Dame 37, fourth and less than one, Halfback Linne Patrick was stopped for no gain by Irish Linebacker Bob Crable.

Crable led the Irish defense, making 11 tackles, nine unassisted. Linebacker Coach George Kelly attributes Crable's astounding play to the fact that "he's so fearful of failure." Crable was a heralded freshman in 1978, but he played miserably before catching on. With a vengeance. He deserves much credit for the fact that the Irish haven't given up a touchdown in their last five games. 'Bama's total offense was only 246 yards, compared with its average of 388.1.

Yet the Tide was even more stingy, limiting the Irish to just 192 yards of total offense, thanks in large measure to Linebacker Thomas Boyd and Strong

Safety Tommy Wilcox, each of whom had 19 tackles; 14 of Boyd's were unassisted. But the Irish cashed in when that one double opportunity reared its gorgeous head. Joe Yontie, veteran defensive coordinator for Notre Dame, said of his group's performance, "They gave up too many yards." But his big smile spoke his true feelings.

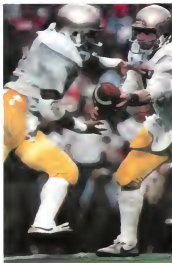
In Alabama, nobody complains openly about Bryant. It's against the law. But after two defeats this year, with the national championship out of reach, there is whispered discontent. Fans aren't pleased with the way Bryant has handled the quarterback situation. In one game he used five. Jacobs, coming off knee surgery, is slower now and his passing woeful. But Bear has experimented with others—notably freshman Walter Lewis, who took over near the end of the first half—in ways that clearly have hurt continuity. And some of the faithful aren't elated with Bryant's minimal use of Major Ogilvie, one of the better running backs around. On Saturday, Ogilvie carried only three times for four yards. In the Mississippi State defeat, he carried seven times.

To question the decisions of a man who will soon be the winningest coach in history is perhaps presumptuous. But Bryant prompts it himself with his repeated observations that only his coaching can screw things up. He doesn't mean it, of course, but it does set others to considering the possibility.

At the least, Bryant should be questioning his wisdom in giving one of his famed hats to Notre Dame Athletic Director Moose Krause years ago at a New York City dinner. Moose has worn it the week of all four Alabama games. "This hat," says Moose, "is undefeated."

And so, of course, is Notre Dame, no matter what Zetek might say. But remaining so might be a problem. Before meeting Georgia in the Sugar Bowl, the Irish must get by what figures to be an angry group of USC Trojans in Los Angeles on Dec. 6. USC lost to Washington last week, ending its chances for the national championship, but if the Trojans beat the Irish, Notre Dame will be gone, too, and will be playing New Year's Day merely to keep Georgia from the title. And if that happens. . .

Dan Devine will worry about that later. No matter what else happens, he'll always have last week in Birmingham to savor while he fusses over his steaks. **END**



Kiel, only a freshman, kept the Irish on an even



Lewis, also a freshman, was in there pitching



He now recalls that final hour, those last moments in the dressing room and that long walk through the crowd to the ring, as if it were less lived than dreamed—a disturbingly vivid and unpleasant hour in which he felt himself moving in a kind of trance.

The memory is of a Friday evening, June 20, 1980. Sugar Ray Leonard, who had won the Olympic light welterweight gold medal in Montreal in 1976 and was now WBC welterweight champion, had come back to that city to defend his title against the former lightweight champion of the world, Roberto Duran.

Arriving at the stadium, Leonard had felt mentally keen. "My mind was on it, my mind was right," he recalls. "I knew what I was going to do and what I had

to do." He would go flat-footed against Duran, meet him head-on and beat him at his own game, on the attack.

About an hour and a half before the fight, Leonard's brother Roger, a junior middleweight who had won a preliminary bout against Clyde Gray, returned to the dressing room he and Ray shared. Shortly after that, Leonard says, he felt his mind go blank.

"I was sitting there and it all vanished," he says. "All the adrenaline, all the momentum, diminished. It was all going away. I was lost, lost entirely. I look at the films, at my face, and it was like ... somber.

"I walked to the ring and wasn't thinking of anything. I got into the ring and just held out my hands and then I raised one hand toward Duran. That's not like me. I was like an android—I was just there, just senseless, no sense of who I am, just there. I got caught up in it all, the hype. It's like a web, a spider's web. You fiddle around a little too much and all of a sudden you catch one of the sticky spots and then you become stationary and the hype comes to you and does what it wants to do to you. I was caught right in the center."

He was caught there, of course, in the presence of a fighter who held the world

continued

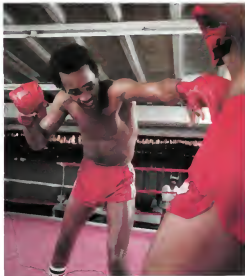
Sugar Ray Leonard fought flat-footed in Montreal, but he says he'll have a new look in New Orleans next week when he meets Roberto Duran again

ANGLING IN ON ROBERTO

by WILLIAM NACK



In training for the rematch, Leonard worked on diving his jab through Duran's guard, rather than to one side of it or the other, jabbing to the body and moving laterally on the balls of his feet to present a more difficult target



lightweight championship for seven years (1972-78) and whose record (71-1, with 56 knockouts) and reputation for ring savvy and savagery had given him an almost mythical aura. What further unsettled Leonard was that he couldn't relate to Duran. "I couldn't talk to him," Leonard says. "He couldn't understand me."

Roberto Duran took the title from Leonard that night, beating him narrowly but unanimously, in a war that locked the two fighters in a kind of brutal dance and swept them from one side of the ring to another for 15 rounds. In what it revealed of the skills and the wills of both men, in the unrelenting intensity and fury with which it was fought, nothing quite like it had been seen in a prize ring since Muhammad Ali beat Joe Frazier in Manila almost five years earlier.

Duran had fought as he had over the years—sneakily, behind hands and chin of stone—but it was Leonard who, for the first time, revealed himself as a

true champion, resourceful and resilient. It may turn out that the WBA champion, Thomas Hearns, will ultimately prove to be the best fighter in this division, but Hearns' day of judgment will have to wait. There was only one fight to be made after Leonard-Duran, and that was Leonard-Duran II.

So it was made. On Nov. 25, just five months and five days after their first meeting, Leonard and Duran will have at each other again, this time in New Orleans' Superdome, and with even more on the line. In their first fight, with his career at stake, the 29-year-old Duran took home a purse of \$1.5 million. Leonard, working for a percentage of the closed-circuit gate as well as a guarantee, earned more than \$9 million. Next Tuesday night, with Leonard's future on the line, they will be fighting for the largest purse in boxing history, \$15 million—\$8 million for Duran, \$7 million for Leonard—before what could be a record boxing

crowd in terms of both gate and numbers, 80,000 fans in the Dome (1,297 of whom will pay a record \$1,000 for a ring-side seat), perhaps 1.7 million in 345 closed-circuit locations around North America and thousands more who will view the fight via satellite on other continents. All told, the fight could gross \$50 million and be seen by 3 million.

Given the state of mind in which Leonard entered the ring in Montreal, the even gaudier hype to be expected in New Orleans raises questions. With Leonard in another world, Duran won the early rounds and with them ultimately the fight. Can Leonard compose himself amid the New Orleans clamor—steer clear of the sticky web, as he calls it, and come out for the first round loose and unaffected by the scene? Will he answer the first bell, as he didn't in Montreal, un-intimidated by Duran's icy disdain? These are the critical questions, but they aren't the only ones. There are also these:

1) Having fought the best fight of his life in Montreal, can Duran, at the age of 29, lift himself again to that extraordinary physical and mental peak against the 24-year-old Leonard?

2) With the experience gained in the Montreal bout, will Leonard be able to adapt intelligently to Duran's style, to come up with ways of dealing more effectively with the Panamanian?

3) Or will the final truth of the evening reveal itself not in the efficacy of left hooks and right-hand leads but in something as elusive and immeasurable as one man's strength of will?

When the fight in Montreal was over, there was considerable doubt whether these questions would ever be settled. For Leonard it had been a brutal, taxing experience—in the testing of his will, his instincts and his intellect, it was by far the most difficult of his 28-bout professional career. Fighting woodenly and obviously bewildered by the furious pace and variety of

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN



When Duran advances in his crouch, Sugar Ray will be looking to throw an uppercut while pivoting away from danger

Duran's attack. Leonard was almost gone before the end of the second round. He had moved in the first round, as the two men felt each other out; he was flat-footed in the second, and Duran caught him with a sharp left hook to the chin that buckled Leonard's knees and almost dropped him.

"I think I was really dazed because I was not into the fight mentally," he says. "I was stiff. You know, that one punch, if I was warmed up and into the fight, it wouldn't have done that much damage. From Rounds 2 through 15 he threw the same punch—and a lot more—and didn't do the same damage. After that second round, he couldn't hurt me. That one punch made me mad, woke me up."

And the fight was truly on. For the remaining 13 rounds, often with his back against the ropes and Duran squarely in front of him, Leonard remained flat-footed—trading shots, countering, slipping punches, going to the body behind uppercuts with both hands. In the 14th, as if in desperation, he wound up like a softball pitcher and scored with a bolo punch to Duran's chin. In the later rounds, with Duran tiring, Leonard connected with more telling blows than that—uppercuts to Duran's body, combinations to his head. In the course of it all, he took everything that Duran had to offer—right-hand leads over the top, hooks upstairs and down, uppercuts and crosses. Uncannily quick, Duran bobbed and dipped under punches, slipped others and stalked the champion endlessly. He lunged into Leonard, buried his head in Leonard's chest, pushed him around the ring and into the ropes. He showed him every sleight-of-hand and trick in his remarkable repertoire, and it was enough to win on every judge's card.

When it was over, looking into the dressing room mirror, Leonard decided the price he had paid was too high. After taking the title from Wilfred Benitez almost seven months before, he had flinched when he saw the discoloration under his eyes. But in Montreal he was faced with a new sight altogether.

"I said, 'Damn! Look at my face. Is it worth this? All that money, but hell, look at your health.' I was really puffy—swollen and sore. My body was sore. My back was sore. I had little knots on the back of my head. I was dehydrated." Worst of all, as a result of the blows from Du-

continued



IT'S EASIER TO UNDERSTAND how we charcoal mellow Jack Daniel's, after you've peered inside a charcoal mellowing vat.

IT'S EASIER TO UNDERSTAND how we charcoal mellow Jack Daniel's, after you've peered inside a charcoal mellowing vat.



We can show you how tiny drops of Jack Daniel's trickle slowly through room-high vats of tightly tamped charcoal. And we can tell you that nothing (not even aging) gives our whiskey

more smoothness. After you've looked inside a charcoal vat, you'll always remember how we use them. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll be glad we always will.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government



U.S. Ski Team The struggle to win never ends.

The Olympics are over. But there's the World Cup and 200 other races to come. On five continents. Against the toughest competition in the world. So the U.S. Ski Team needs you.

Our Alpine and Nordic teams are not subsidized by the government. Team members invest years of their lives training to win. But they're going nowhere unless you help. Please send your tax-deductible donations to the U.S. Ski Educational Foundation, Box 100M, Park City, Utah 84060.

Please help



ran's right hands and from the rubbing of Duran's head against his during the innumerable clinches. Leonard's left ear had become hideously swollen and gnarled. A doctor drained it after the fight, a painful operation that left it tender and raw. Leonard suddenly envisioned himself as an old palooka with cauliflower ears.

"I felt terrible," he says. That night, exhausted and too sore to move, he told his wife, Juanita, that he had had it as a fighter. "This is it," he said. "I gave it all I had, but this is it."

The next day Leonard and his wife returned to their apartment in Palmer Park, Md., a suburb of Washington, D.C., and from there left for a 10-day vacation in Hawaii. Juanita repeatedly urged Ray to stand by his decision to quit.

"I'll have to think about it," he kept saying. He didn't have to think about it very long.

They had been in Hawaii only a day when Leonard began to feel encouraged to fight again. First of all, the swelling of his face and ear had gone down quickly, and his body no longer was aching and sore. And everywhere he went—into stores and restaurants along Waikiki Beach—strangers waved and called to him. "You'll get him next time, champ." On the second day he was there, Leonard got up early, put on his sweats and started out the door to do roadwork.

"Hey, what are you running for?" Juanita asked.

"I just feel like it," he said.

One afternoon, leaving his wife on the beach, Leonard returned to the room and shadowboxed in front of the mirror. He had made up his mind, of course, and he let his wife know as they walked later along the beach. "You might not like what I'm going to tell you," he said, "but you know I want to fight that sucker again, don't you?" Juanita didn't answer, but she didn't argue, either.

This time it will be different, Leonard says. He has been through the hype, and he can handle it. "I see what's what," he says. "I see what's there. I know what to do. I know I must not get lost in it. Just wait, just float. Don't get too close. It is a web, a dangerous web. Now I'm going to move with it."

He had met and gone the distance with Duran—with the legendary hands of stone—and discovered that the myth

was only a mortal after all. Not only had Leonard taken Duran's best shots, but he had also fought his way out of serious trouble. Perhaps more important, he had shown he could go toe to toe with the man, that he was able to take it and dish it out, too. Leonard feels he went to school on June 20, taking the most violent crash course in his boxing life. "I educated myself over five years of boxing in the Duran fight," Leonard says. "Five years of experience in one night."

When he returned from Hawaii, Leonard began preparing for another go, watching replays of the Montreal fight, analyzing it over and over again. He had fought Duran on Duran's terms for personal as well as tactical reasons. "I wanted to show this guy something," Leonard says. "And I was conscious of silencing the critics who didn't think I could go 15 rounds like that. If I had stood there and I had beaten Duran at his own game, people would have said, 'This guy is something.' I also thought it was the most surprising way to beat Duran. Everybody figured I would dance, dance, dance. But..."

He didn't. Nor will he dance in New Orleans, he says, but rather fight more from the balls of his feet, moving a little more laterally and showing Duran more angles than he did in Montreal. "The way I decided to fight him the first time limited me," Leonard says. "It took away my jab, my ability to slip punches. It took away everything. It made me a basic, standup fighter." On the balls of his feet, he says, he will have more mobility, enabling him to slip Duran's righthand lead more effectively and counter off that.

"I'm going to move, but I'm not going to move that much," Leonard says. "The first time I didn't move at all, except the first round and the last few. Just a little bit of movement made a lot of difference. I actually had him reaching for me. He was reaching up for me and coming in low with his head down. I see it now and I say, 'Damn, why didn't you throw punches?' I was just moving away." Duran ducked under countless hooks and right hands. "I was trying to nail him then, but they were bad punches," Leonard says. "When he comes in now, I'll bring the punches under. He can't duck uppercuts, especially when they're perfectly timed. These

(continued)

SPIRIT



YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE
ONLY CAR BUILT IN AMERICA
WITH 100% EXTERIOR BODY PANELS
OF GALVANIZED STEEL.

ONE TOUGH AMERICAN ECONOMY CAR.

23/33

EPA EST MPG/EST HWY*

What makes the American Motors Spirit DL different from every other good-looking, high-mileage car in the world?

Only Spirit gives you galvanized steel in every exterior body panel as part of its exclusive Ziebart® Factory Rust Protection, a full 5-year No Rust-Thru Warranty,** and the famous Buyer Protection Plan®.

In other words, Spirit is built to last.

If you're the tough customer we think you are, Spirit is your kind of car.

*Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, weather, trip length. Actual highway will probably be less. Calif. arls. may vary. Ziebart is a registered trademark of Ziebart International Corporation.

See your American Motors dealer for warranty and rust program details. Abandoned exhausts warranted for 12 months, 12,000 miles.

BUILT TO LAST



AMERICAN MOTORS

*The pleasure
is back.*



BARCLAY

*99% tar free.*TM

*Kings
100's*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine;
100's, 3 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.





'Tis the C.C. Season!

The Canadian Club gift package is available for holiday giving at no extra cost.
And now you can send gifts of C.C. by phone. Just dial 800-528-6148.

are the key punches I'll be using."

He'll be using them coming off the ropes, says his trainer, Angelo Dundee, working them to the body as he pivots left and right. One enduring memory of the first fight is of Leonard being driven to the ropes and standing there, his legs spread apart as he covered up, then fighting back and trying to survive. "I was forced into the ropes," Leonard says. "I never thought about doing something different. Just fight back." With legs spread, he could do little else. "He was spread too far," Dundee says. "He couldn't get away."

In sparring sessions Dundee has Leonard pivoting off the ropes, throwing uppercuts and constantly changing the angle at which he faces an opponent; he urges his fighter to avoid staying directly in front of the man. "You play checkers," Dundee says. Dundee also has Leonard working the jab to the head and body. Leonard is trying to shorten his hook. "Everything has got to be short and timed perfectly," Leonard says. "You don't realize how elusive he is."

Leonard came to realize it all too well in Montreal, and since he began intensive training the first of November he's been at work trying to make use of what he learned there. "It will be a war," he says, and he doesn't doubt that prediction, even if some respected boxing men disagree. "I came away [from Montreal] with the impression that this was the greatest possible effort Duran could have made," says veteran Manager/Trainer Cus D'Amato, who guided Floyd Patterson to the heavyweight title. "What Duran did that night was what he had to do to win. It seemed a supreme effort. I don't think he'll be able to duplicate it."

"Bull," says Duran with a contemptuous shrug. On the contrary, he says, he expects to be even tougher in New Orleans than he was in Montreal. "Look, for him to beat me, he still has a lot of learning to do," Duran says. "He can't beat me in this rematch. In the first match I won and I was sick."

"Sick?"

"He was with a cold," says Duran's personal doctor, Orlando Nafiez. "All his muscles were sore."

"I didn't say anything because I didn't want anyone to say I was making up excuses," the champion insists. "I stayed quiet. I'm prepared for him now. I

haven't hit him like I'm going to this time. Sure, he took my punches, but I was sick. I was tired from the fifth round on. I couldn't do a thing. I kept going and going and going. I had no force behind my punches. I want him to take what I have for him now."

It matters not a whit what adjustments Leonard plans to make, Duran asserts, because there is really nothing he can do to make a difference. "Leonard says he is going to box, move, slip, dance," Duran says. "He's not going to do a damn thing. He says he's going to be faster, slip and sway, throw hooks, uppercut more. He can do whatever he wants, but there is one problem: once in the ring, you can't get out. To hit me, he has to stop to hit me. So there. If he didn't do anything in the first one, he's going to do less in this one."

Indeed, there is a line of thought that goes like this: If Leonard goes to the balls of his feet, he's playing with fire. He must come up with something better. "If he does that, he may get knocked out," says Gil Clancy, a longtime manager and trainer. "The way for him to beat Duran is to back Duran up. If he can't make Duran back up, he's not going to win the fight."

But some say, put tactics aside, view the bout as a struggle between a champion who has reached the limit of his will and a challenger who is just on the verge of reaching it now. "You're watching a contest of wills more than of skills," says D'Amato. "Skill only prevails when it's so great that the will isn't tested. It was the will of Duran that won the fight in Montreal. Leonard was beaten, but he proved himself a champion. He fought back, at times outfought Duran. But he didn't sustain it; Duran sustained it. If Leonard recognizes this, all he has to do is sustain the action—meet the will with a will of his own—then his skills, intelligently employed, will make the difference in the fight."

In the small Miami gym where Roberto Duran trained, there is a handwritten sign bearing a message signed by the fighter himself. It speaks truth, too: *Uno no es lo que dice que es, sino lo que demuestra ser.* That is, one is not what one says he is, but what one demonstrates himself to be. It is a philosophy both champion and challenger subscribe to.

END

TEACHING KIDS BUSINESS IS OUR BUSINESS.

Junior Achievement offers business people a rare opportunity. A chance to share their knowledge with the next generation of business people.

In our JA evening program you'll meet once a week with high school students to help them set up and run their own companies. Or, in our daytime program, Project Business, you'll go into classrooms once a week to teach 8th or 9th graders about the business world.

To find out more about Junior Achievement contact our local office listed in your white pages or write Junior Achievement Inc.,

National Headquarters,
550 Summer St.,
Stamford, Conn. 06901.

Like over 30,000 other men and women you'll discover a special sense of achievement when you join Junior Achievement.

**A
little pride
will go a long,
long way.**


JA - A DIVISION OF JUNIOR ACHIEVEMENT INC.

Coming upon a UCLA football practice, one at first notices only tangential and frivolous details: the fluffy yellow pads the size of waterclosets that defenders wear on their forearms, the nearly erotic ease with which Running Back Freeman McNeil absorbs the impact of the ball as he takes it from Quarterback Tom Ramsey.

But gradually, if one looks long enough, larger patterns emerge: how the receivers slip along the seams between cornerbacks and safeties, how the linemen coordinate their protection of the quarterback like water buffalo ringing their young. At length one may see this meticulously timed and repeated activity as embodying order blossoming into chaos and then shuffling back to order again.

Blue-clad assistant coaches scurry and shout after their charges. One man, with a serious mien and a constantly outstretched arm and pointing index finger, as though it is imperative that he always be in a posture to instruct, holds in his other hand a piece of paper on which plays are written. He is Homer Smith, 49, the coordinator of the UCLA offense. He moves, watching from different angles, talking to the quarterbacks, talking more loudly to a tight end who seems confused about his assignment on a draw play. Once Smith accompanies the backs on a sweep, staying beside them with a precise, sprinter's stride, shouting, "I want speed! I want speed!" The paper with the plays is crumpled in his hand. He has to smooth it out before the work may continue.

When an offensive lineman goes off-side, Smith yells, "Bruins!" His tone is one of pain. "Front!"

At once the players fall to the ground,

their faces in the dusty turf. Then they leap to their feet, running in place, knees high, eyes searching for the cause of this punishment.

"What's going on?" Smith shouts, still wounded. "Front!"

Again the players hurl themselves down and come churning up.

"I'll take the blame ... front! ... for last week ... front! ... but if you lose again ... front! ... it's your own fault!"

The week before, the Bruins had had a record of 6-0, were second in the polls and, halfway through their game with Arizona, had been presented with the news that No. 1 Alabama had been beaten by Mississippi State. Yet in the second half Arizona held off UCLA to win 23-17.

Now Smith and Head Coach Terry Donahue seek to ignite some emotion in their players for a game with Oregon, two days away. They hold races, the fastest players sprinting through a corridor of howling teammates, running for the honor of the defense or the offense.

At practice's end, the Bruins' faces, Smith's included, show a flushed, unguarded unity of purpose. Back in his small, functional office Smith is still breathless, animated. "It takes a while to come down from practice," he says. "I get all juiced up." It seems a physical love. "It is a fierce kind of joy I have in teaching," he says. "Seeing a skill I've helped develop taken into a fight, seeing it used with courage, that's addicting. You crave more of it."

Of Smith, Donahue has said, "He's the best teacher I've ever seen in football. There's an air about him, made up of his education, his command of the language, his character. I've seen players sitting in his presentations almost awestruck."

HEAVEN CAN'T WAIT

So Homer Smith felt when, dismissed as Army's football coach, he went to Harvard Divinity School. But now he's back to the game by KENNY MOORE



With his joy in it and his excellence at it, Smith seems born to be a coach of football, and for 22 years that's what he was. But in February 1979, after leaving the head coaching position at Army under difficult circumstances, Smith entered Harvard Divinity School and embarked upon a two-year course of study that will lead to a masters degree in theological studies. His stay at UCLA is temporary. How he reached his decision to veer away from coaching, and how he'll use his studies are best understood by examining the whole of his life, which in its recent stages is not so much an odyssey as a purgatorio, a tempering.

Smith spent his childhood in Omaha, where his father ran a Ford dealership. It is still managed by a brother, Roy. His other brother, Dean, was a 9.6 sprinter for Stanford. A good student—"though football was all I thought about from the seventh grade on"—Smith went to Princeton, where he was president of his class in his sophomore, junior and senior years, captained the football team and in 1952 and 1953 was named All-East and All-Ivy League in single-wing fullback. For two years after graduation he was an Army artillery officer in Camp Chaffee, Ark. and then earned an M.B.A. at Stanford. He remained in Palo Alto through January 1961, as freshman football coach and director of recruiting, before going to the Air Force Academy, where he was both a defensive and an offensive back-field coach. His first head coaching job was at Davidson in 1965, and he took the Wildcats to the Tangerine Bowl in 1969. He spent two years coaching University of the Pacific, and two more as an assistant to Pepper Rodgers at UCLA, during which time the Bruins' record was 17-5. There Smith worked with a young line coach named Donahue. In 1974 Smith got the assignment at West Point. "In all honesty," he says, "the honor of it was so immense, I couldn't truly believe I was the head coach of the United States Military Academy."

The honor and the reality *continued*

In the Harvard Chapel Smith takes time out between classes to work on a higher game plan

of the position were quite separate. In the years after Vietnam, West Point was no longer seen by many high school seniors to shimmer with the light of MacArthurian duty. Besides, height and weight regulations and the five-year service commitment that must be undertaken by every cadet further complicated the recruitment of prime football talent. And once mustered, the Army team had as little time for practice as any in the land.

Army's alumni, as one might imagine, aren't the most passive or accepting of men. The result is enormous pressure on the coach to win, regardless of the Point's football handicaps. "I always had within myself a fair acceptance of the risk," says Smith, "an understanding of the reasons why football coaches are always being fired for the wrong reasons."

More difficult to accept were disruptions such as four players' involvement in the Academy-wide honor-code violations of 1976 and a written ultimatum to Smith from the top brass that required seven victories in 1977, including one over Navy, for him to keep his job. The team went 7-4 and beat Navy 17-14, "but that just postponed things," says

Smith. After that season he was given only a one-year contract.

West Point has a peculiarly divided chain of command when it comes to football. Thus, Smith was powerless in 1977 when Army officials took all recruiting responsibilities away from his civilian offensive and defensive coordinators.

Yet, what most disturbed Smith were practices which he felt were contrary to NCAA regulations. Smith has copies of memos he wrote to Athletic Director Raymond P. Murphy, who is no longer at the Point, Superintendent Lieut. General Andrew J. Goodpaster and Deputy Superintendent Brigadier General Charles W. Bagnall, setting down his "worry about being close to the law" and urging "exactitude" in compliance with the rules. In comparison to recent scandals in intercollegiate athletics, the offenses Smith felt had been committed, such as feeding extra meals to prospects who came to West Point for physicals, telling B-squad coaches to recruit and not counting visits from prep school recruits against the NCAA-allowed number, seemed minor. The issue, however, was honor.

"The West Pointer is an indispensable figure in the defense and management of our country," says Smith. "You can't have the students under pressure to live up to that tough, tough honor code, where they pledge not to tolerate lying, cheating or stealing, without the institution itself being exact in its adherence to rules. I heard all this talk about honor and I was worried, because we were into things that were clearly illegal, and I simply wasn't in control."

Smith's last years at Army were ones of spreading doubt. "The nature of coaching is that with repetition it can come to seem static," he says. "Another year of recruiting, work, organization. I began to regret being submerged in football to the exclusion of all else."

Always a man of deep and clear belief, Smith felt a "ragging desire to get involved in the religious side of things." In this he was encouraged by his wife, Kathy, and later, when he had inquired about courses of study, by Harvard.

The 1978 season was unlucky. "We had some injuries," Smith says. "We lost some games we shouldn't have." On Dec. 2 Navy beat Army 28-0 in Phil-



On the sidelines again as UCLA's offensive coach, Smith contemplates the action in the Oregon game. The Bruins weren't blessed; Oregon prevailing 20-14.

adelphia. A day later Smith addressed the team at lunch on the way back to the Point. There was silence as he spoke. "Men, I had to win," he said. "And I didn't. I'm history. I hope you get a great coach and he keeps the whole staff."

The Smiths reached home and saw a neighbor turn her back as they drove up. Kathy was in tears—that a game should have come to this. "Let's make a move," said Smith. "Let's drive on to Cambridge." And they did.

The next morning Smith telephoned the Army football office. Assistant Coach Ed Wilson told him to call his brother Dean's number in Omaha. When he did, Smith learned Dean had been killed when his car skidded on ice and hit a train.

The Smiths drove back to West Point that day. Deputy Superintendent Bagnall came to their house. Smith recalls, with a typed statement. He could barely read it. "My brother is dead," he said.

The statement was Army's announcement that Smith's contract wouldn't be renewed. It spoke of his management shortcomings, of a need for "revitalization" of the program. "They wanted it clear that they had fired me," Smith says. "I wanted to resign—to exit gracefully. I will never understand the coldness of that action."

Smith went to his brother's funeral. "I had people standing around at the funeral home asking me questions about football. It was the most awful thing in the world," he says.

In his distress, Smith released a statement listing the rule violations which he felt Army had been committing, and detailing the "organizational hell" he had worked under. He asked as well for an apology. None was forthcoming. In October of this year, after hearings based on Smith's charges, the NCAA reprimanded Army. Earlier Army had undertaken some corrective action.

"I think I was terribly wrong in insisting on an apology from an institution," Smith says now.

On Feb. 1, 1979, Smith entered Harvard's 350-student divinity school.

The Harvard Yard in April of 1979 appeared hard and cold in an unrelenting early spring sunlight. A couple of blocks down from the University Bookstore, the Smiths welcomed a visitor into their second-floor apartment in a chocolate-colored house built around 1860. The flat

was full of polished wood and soft carpet. Tiles from Solzhenitsyn to Michener were on view, along with a number of obscure-looking texts. Smith's classes for that semester were: Religion in China, Toward a Christian Understanding of God, The Essentials of Islam and Religion Under Communist Rule. "I've studied as though I was starved for it," he said. "The desire has grown to the point that now I shudder when I think I might not have done it."

Smith has always had some of the attributes of an effective clerical speaker—a sincerity of voice, a habit of coming down hard on key words. "Part of my being absorbed in this has to do with how shattering it is to lose one's career," he said. "I almost had to make this kind of plan, to lose myself. But beyond that, I'm fascinated by conflict, especially the unnecessary nature of so much of it. For example, I just took some cookies down to a Muslim social hour, to some people who'd helped me prepare a report on Islam. I was impressed again by the irony that seems so natural among worshipping people. How we get from that to conflict is my area of interest. In the end, I hope that my transcript will show at least one course from each of the many areas of worship."

Smith was the careful academic, making only one point at a time, cautiously building his case. "Human beings are going to worship," he said, citing the constancy of religious observance in places where it is discouraged. "And it follows that since people are so similar during worship, whatever the liturgy or tradition, that worship itself is a great common . . . if not bond, then irreducible fact. It's when you mix it with politics that things get complicated. I don't believe, for example, that this nation can lead, as it has in the past, by backing people down. The world cannot keep putting \$350 billion a year into preparations for war. Another approach must be to dissolve those differences that have religious formulations, to drain the hate out of them, to just keep saying we've got to get along, we've got to understand each other until we collapse from exhaustion."

Smith found the Divinity School itself "unexpectedly humble. I am with brilliant people who possess daring minds, but the courses are pursued with a Christian sense of humility."

Such a frame of mind, the guest ven-

tured, might not come easily to that symbol of authority, the football coach. Smith grinned. "I'm trying to shed a little ego here. Ego is time-consuming and can be blinding, and there is no doubt that coaching football nurtures one's ego. It's tied to the kind of individual who succeeds, the bold, aggressive man who can live in that pressure focus. My strategy is to study every day, to accept what comes and ease away from that part of me that puts me in conflict with other people. What we talk about here is real worship, not rituals or hierarchies or dogma, but worship, the common denominator in the mystery of God, and shared, even if it seems only wonder at what we don't understand. I don't want to conflict with another man in that."

The visitor departed thinking that Smith wasn't so far from restoring order in his own soul and from being ready to work for understanding across lines of belief. An offensive coach indeed.

Throughout his time at Army and then at Harvard, Smith talked on the phone, as coaches will, with Donahue, who had become UCLA's head coach in 1976. Soon after Smith arrived at Harvard, Donahue planted the seed for Smith's return to football. On Feb. 25, 1980 Smith took a leave of absence from divinity school and returned to Los Angeles, buying a house in Woodland Hills, 17 miles from the UCLA campus. Kathy followed in April. "It was partly a matter of finances," he says. "And partly because the idea grew in me. There was a deep need to get back on the field."

Donahue, for one, was ecstatic. "When I knew I had a chance to get him back here, it was one of the most exciting days of my coaching career," he says. A boyish man, Donahue is purposefully informal. "Homer has lifted my burden in that I know the game plan will be done with the same attention to detail as if I did it myself. That's freed me to be more of a head coach, to see to player problems, to put up with the press."

Smith has said that the UCLA program might be the only one in the country where a strong-willed former head coach of 49 would be welcome as an assistant to a coach of 36. "It is like all relationships between capable men," says Donahue. "It has its tensions, but whenever Homer lets me know I've screwed up —do you notice that we talk differently? —he does it so artistically that it's

continued

never a challenge to me. I'm learning."

"Well, I'm not coaching with the aspirations I had before," Smith says. "I'm no longer climbing the mountain." Not long ago he circulated to his colleagues a statement of his situation as a student, explaining he has completed 10 of the 16 one-semester courses he needs to finish at Harvard and sketching a remarkable plan for flying back and forth, starting in February of 1981, to take Harvard midterms, participate in UCLA recruiting and spring practice and take his divinity school finals.

Kathy works in the UCLA recruiting office, "to pay the plane fare for all the spring travels." She's devoted to her husband, though not without a sigh. "No predictions from me on what next," she says. "Homer loves this game. He so missed the association with the players. And it's good to have his career end, if it does, on a lot higher note than the way it did at Army."

But Smith keeps that end vague. "My desire is to stay at UCLA until the quarterbacks can get to precisely the right play against each defense they see and execute it professionally," he says in his memo. "Beyond that, to secure a teaching job where I can develop on the subject of the world's religions."

"It is man's unique distinction that in the duality of his composition heaven and earth meet."

Marius Bewley, commenting on the metaphysics of John Donne

"... If not, then heaven and hell."

Homer Smith, after UCLA lost to Oregon 20-14 on Nov. 8.

The integrity of college football has had far finer years than 1980. Scrutiny has turned up a clandestine brokerage of no-work classes and extension courses and the presence of assistant coaches whose value to their teams apparently consisted of figuring out ways to get transcripts altered. Five schools, including UCLA, have been ruled ineligible for the Rose Bowl by the Pac-10 because of academic violations. Not many coaches publicly denounced the cheating as flatly, morally wrong.

Two weeks before UCLA defeated Arizona State to improve its record to 7 and 2, Smith sat over a meal in the UCLA student union and pondered these recent events. He began with an examination of pressure, which inevitably follows, he

said, "from playing the game in front of people who demand to have hope, demand to win."

"To justify the championship pressure, you have to look at the bottom, the kids just beginning at the base of the pyramid. I know it is good for these tens of thousands of young people to try to be players, if only for a little while. Part of what we do must be physical. Athletics take the place of the most destructive of physical options, of war, of drugs. It is good to stimulate play among us, and if that means pressure at the top, so be it."

Though this is essentially a conservative view, Smith quickly pointed out it's not one that acquiesces to a poor response to pressure, namely cheating.

"Pressure by itself is not an adequate explanation. It is augmented by coaches feeling that they have made no agreement among themselves. The rule-making is done by the college presidents and athletic directors and faculty representatives, and once institutionalized in the NCAA and its enforcement machinery, the rules and their keepers can come back to the coaches seeming almost like an alien police, an outside enemy, without moral force."

Seemingly the coaches' dilemma is easily drawn: Either the pressures are of irresistible weight, crushing even the best of them, or they are strong enough to resist, and so are culpable if they cheat. But it is always some of both, of course, which makes it impossible to judge without knowledge of each situation. Yet Smith's voice rings with assurance when he says, "Football coaches, head coaches, are, in the vast majority, honorable people, good people."

To permit the integrity of such men some influence in their world, Smith outlined the beginnings of a plan. "If honor is generated in groups," he said, "and it is, in schools, in the military, then our failures have not been caused by people so much as by institutions which have no structure whereby you get peer approval for honor." Whereupon, Smith suggested such a structure.

"If all major-college football coaches could get together, they could agree on a code that would give stability and identity and justice. You would have to have an amnesty for old violations because you couldn't possibly untangle the past. But coaches are starved for a chance to start fresh, where the honor of everyone there

would be pledged to uphold rules that we adopt, not a remote police force."

The crucial work of such a convocation would be to take pressure off coaches. "Goodness, if everybody kept his promises, we'd still lose half our games each week," he says. "It's easy to accept losing games. It's the lost jobs, the disrupted lives that are hard to bear. And if the truth be known, stable programs are the way to win. Look at the Steelers, the Cowboys. So coaches should share the pressure. The team captains should be responsible for emotional readiness. The quarterbacks should call all the plays. Contracts for a coach's services should be honored to their ends by both parties. And a pledge should go out to all interested elements, the alumni, students, community business people—the components of the pressure—so that all could sign on as part of this moral rebirth."

His plan roughly presented, Smith sat back with the alert expression of a good teacher ready to defend it against an unconvinced student. "How would it be enforced?" he said, before he could be asked. "By simple peer pressure. We will have formed our own tribe. If 10 pledged and one defaulted, he could be squeezed out by the other nine."

Might not, it was suggested, the coaches' code quickly deteriorate into yet another level of institutional rule?

"It might, but only if I'm wrong about the moral quality of football coaches. I'm not naive. I've talked with other assistant coaches about what goes on in the real world. I've felt their moral helplessness. If some are cynical, most are not. The profession can cleanse itself."

Examples were given, of coaches floating from school to school, or in from the pros, with seemingly no regard for promises. "I think you ought to have to go through a gate," said Smith with some asperity. "Have an initiation where you are given the word on honor. You ought not get in without pledging yourself. I know you couldn't put me in that position without creating a huge obligation to live up to my promises."

We shall stop here, for this reference to his own honor is where Smith's case must rest, on his ability to liken his brethren to himself. Can a man so hopeful of order clearly apprehend those who are ruled more by renegade impulse, by competitive fevers? In the end, it seems a question of faith, as the path was bound to be if Smith is involved. **END**



**Something so special
is meant to be shared.**

Holland's Heineken, America's number one imported beer.

THE PRO IN PROJECTORS.

35 mm camera owners would love a Kodak Carousel slide projector for Christmas. It's the projector that's as sophisticated as the camera they own—with the capabilities to get the most out of 35 mm photography.

Standard features include dependable gravity feed, Extanar C curved-field lens,

immediate replay, and whisper-quiet screening. Optional features include automatic focusing, automatic advance, and multivoltage —to allow Carousel projectors to be used anywhere in the world.

No wonder so many photographers go for the pro.

1980



1980

**Kodak Carousel
slide projectors
for the home.**

America's Storyteller



Who was hiding in there?

As the nation's best marathoners gathered in Buffalo last May for the Olympic Trials, among them was a short, 33-year-old man with a reddish beard and a squished orange cap. Except perhaps for some manifestations of his age, he looked much like the other runners, but if only the competition could have seen Dr. Steve French in his prime!

In fact, few of the other marathoners knew much about French, beyond that he was a surgeon from Salt Lake City. He answered their questions only as they were asked and offered no information about his past. No, he hadn't run in college. His best 10-km. time? Er, 30:30—an marathon. Most of all French avoided conversation because he didn't want to reveal his feeling that he had no business being in Buffalo.

As the field surged forward at the start, French wanted to yell, "Hold it! This is all a great mistake. All I wanted to do was lose weight." Actually, when he took up distance running in 1977, what French really yearned to do was get into a pair of size-38 pants. Buck then he couldn't have beaten anyone in a race, except perhaps to the cookie jar. The 5' 8" French had spent almost a decade imitating the Michelin Man, his weight at one time having been 226. He simply hoped running would help him shed some pounds. Now, weighing 128, he was one of 178 runners to have qualified for the Olympic Trials by completing a marathon in less than 2:21:54.

Three years ago, French still was wagging a battle with his appetite. He would drop a few pounds, but he'd always regain them. Finally, running seemed the only answer. "I probably lost 500 pounds and never changed weight," he recalls. "To lose weight, you have to cut calories. I couldn't whip that problem. But it occurred to me that I'd never seen a fat person who ran five miles a day. Well, running was something I could do."

A strange thing happened while French was shedding pounds. He discov-

When he started running to lose weight Steve French discovered that under the avoirdupois lurked a 2:18 marathoner



ered that the talent he'd shown as a high schooler—he'd once done a 4:41 mile—hadn't expired under all that blubber. His times began dropping as fast as his weight. Six weeks after he took to the road, he tried a marathon, with no intention of finishing, and went the distance in 3:34:43; the following year, after juggling his training around a 100-hours-a-week job as a senior surgical resident at Primary Children's Hospital, he did a 2:29:10 in the mountainous Deseret News marathon at Salt Lake City; then, last Feb. 10, he ran a 2:18:40 in New Orleans. Suddenly other runners began to notice him. Bill Rodgers, the American record holder at 2:09:27, said, "Dropping his time like that over such a short period would be impressive even if he'd been thin. I ran three years in high school, four in college and two more after that before I hit 2:19."

"Obviously, he had a lot of motivation. It's amazing that out of all the runners there are now, he'd be one of the few who break through despite imposing obstacles. There were so many things



In his heyday as a heavyweight, French was a sorry 226 pounds; now he is a happy 128

against him. Just the impact of all that weight would make him vulnerable to injury. I wonder what the difference is between this guy and the others."

French's habit of defying the odds might be the answer to Rodgers' question. No one from the family of John Wesley French, a Wilmer, Texas truck driver, had ever gone to college when Steve was accepted by Texas A&M. He arrived at College Station a year behind in math—he literally had no idea what calculus was—and left with a master's degree in nuclear engineering, having earned a 4.0 average in graduate school.

But grades were the least of French's challenges in becoming a doctor. He couldn't stand the sight of blood—he'd fainted when a Little League teammate gashed open an elbow. But taking care of people had always appealed to French, and he decided to become a doctor despite his aversion to blood. He took his

continued



French briefly dropped medicine to go into serious training.

pre-med requirements while attending engineering graduate school and then enrolled in the University of Texas Medical School at Houston. In 1976, having become a good deal less distressed by the sight of blood, he went to the University of Utah Medical Center to serve his internship in general surgery.

While driving himself through med school, French neglected both his wife and his body. His 12-year marriage to a high school sweetheart dissolved, even as his body ballooned from 125 pounds to 226 in a matter of three years. Then French hit his breaking point. "I got a pair of size-38 slacks for Christmas, and I couldn't come close to fastening them," he says. "That was ridiculous. When I entered medical school, I'd thought there's nothing more disgusting than a fat physician. And then I became one."

In April 1977 French began running for the first time in 12 years. Despite the promise he'd shown in high school, his parents had discouraged his participation in college track because they feared it would distract him from his studies. By 1977 that talent was nowhere in sight. French had to stop and rest just walking across the Utah campus from one class to the next. For his first run, he decided to go three miles, or 12 laps of the Highland High track. He quit halfway through the second lap. "I thought I was going to die," he recalls.

By the end of '77, French had broken three hours in the marathon. Two years later he would qualify for the Olympic Trials with a time of 2:21:32 at the Fies-

ta Bowl Marathon in Scottsdale, Ariz.

These days, home for Dr. French is a two-story Colonial house in Salt Lake City which he shares with a cat named Tiger and his second wife, Marilyn, a nurse. He took a leave of absence from his residency last year to see what proper training could do for him. His qualifying for the Olympic Trials was a result.

Having decided to forgo the rest of his surgical residency, he recently went to work as an emergency-room physician at Memorial Hospital of Uinta County in Evanston, Wyo., an hour away. He has turned down offers to join private practices because, he says, they require too much time.

On a recent morning French could be found running errands around the house, followed everywhere by Tiger. He wore running shorts and no shirt, he no longer has a gut to hide. He finally sat on the arm of his living-room couch and relaxed with a chaw of Red Man. "When I was in college I was very aggressive and goal-oriented," he said. "I worked 99% of the time. My social life was zero, and it led to the demise of my marriage. I want to find a happy medium between my work and my other interests."

Indeed, balance rather than zealotry seems to be a hallmark of French's new personal philosophy. It even extends to his diet. "I'm a week-day vegetarian," he said, "which means I'll eat white meat on the weekends. I'm not a nut about it, though. I don't break out in a rash if someone puts a steak in front of me."

French produced a collection of pictures that show the body he used to lag around. The photos looked like the before shots in the diet-pill ads. For further proof that the man standing before his guest was really the same one shown in the snapshots, French bared a hip and revealed mazes of stretch marks. "I've lived almost three lives," he said. "First in high school and then the years I was fat and hated to be seen in public. Now I've been given a second chance."

French is still adjusting to his new life. The day before this year's Boston Marathon, he spotted his name on the wall of Rodgers' running store among a list of the race's 50 most notable runners.

He was delighted. He remains unaccustomed to his status as a top athlete. "I still feel fat at races," he says.

French tends to regard running rather superstitiously. Since his third race, a half marathon, three years ago, he's never run without the orange-flowered railroad cap that has become his trademark. He also likes to take his training runs dressed in the T shirt he will wear in his next big race; that means he has to wash it every day. And he trains as he used to eat. French logs 120 to 140 miles a week.

Such a regimen has whipped French into excellent health—and often poor condition for running. "My workouts take me to the brink of disaster, and I've tumbled over a couple of times," he says. "But I've been aware of it. I had to be willing to take those risks. What I've done is totally wrong. It has been too much too soon. I would never advise anyone to do what I did. But I had such a short time to work with because of my age."

Starting last December, French ran four marathons in six months and suffered four major injuries. The week before the Fiesta Bowl he was unable to walk because of a hip injury. He calls his fastest marathon—the Mardi Gras—his worst. He ran with eventual winner Ron Tabb through the first 11 miles and passed the halfway mark in 1:06:30, but in the final half of the race he cramped up in his calves and was forced to stop twice for a minute or longer. He nearly quit. Instead, he jogged the last 1½ miles.

One morning the week before Boston French woke up unable to bend his right knee, which had filled with fluid. A doctor drained it, but eight miles into the race the knee stiffened up again. French finished a disappointing 75th in 2:27:39.

And so he went to Buffalo desperately wanting to break 2:15. He thought he'd finally done it when he hit the halfway mark right on schedule for 2:13. But it wasn't to be. A week-old stone bruise on the ball of his foot became so painful that by the 17th mile he was forced to run in the grass alongside the road at a seven-minute pace. He finished 81st in 2:23:07.

It seems certain that when he's healthy, French can go faster. To give his body a chance to heal itself, he hasn't run a marathon since the Olympic Trials. The layoff hasn't bothered him. After all, his body wanted so long for him to get himself in order, preserving his talent all the while, that French can't complain if it makes him wait a bit now. **END**

Why Frye?

No one has been able to duplicate our unique Frye look.

Our men's boots are bench-crafted by skilled hands. They aren't rolled off the machine assembly line.

They never will be.

Quality.

Since 1863, Frye has been another name for quality. It always will be.

That's because we're proud of the personal attention we give to details. In fact, at Frye, personal pride in the finished product is the rule, not the exception.

Style.

No one creates trends in men's boots like Frye. Classic. Western. Casual. And no one has been able to duplicate our unique Frye look.

Our styles may change, but our quality and craftsmanship will always remain the same.

The best.

For a free color brochure of Frye boots, bags, handwear, accessories, and leather care products, write to us:
JOHN A. FRYE SHOE CO.
Dept. D 11, Marlboro, MA 01752



CLASSIC QUALITY SINCE 1863.



Out here, the land seems to stretch out forever. Come to Marlboro Country.





100's & Lights 100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—
Menthol: 16 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine—
Kings & 100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 79

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

You can have it the way you want it with Visa.



With Visa, you can enjoy the convenience of accumulating your purchases on one monthly bill and paying in full, with a single payment. Or, if you prefer to pay in monthly installments, the choice is yours when you want it. When you need cash, it's available at 90,000 Visa Member financial institutions around the world.



If you prefer to pay for goods and services with money you already have in a checking or savings account, there's a

Visa card that lets you do it — without the problems of cashing a personal check. You can get cash too, around town or in 140 countries around the world.



When you're traveling, you'll have an extra measure of financial assurance with Visa Travelers' Cheques. They're readily accepted because Visa is the most widely recognized name in the world for travel and shopping. And, should your cheques be lost or stolen, the Visa system provides refund service worldwide.

Only Visa gives you so many ways to pay. Worldwide.



Each flow service available at the option of participating financial institutions.

Last week in Las Vegas an odd group of golfers from places like Coon Rapids, Minn. and Granite Shoals, Texas got together and competed in the only kind of tournament that makes sense to the man who originated it, Doyle (Texas Dolly) Brunson, probably the world's best poker player and a lover of high-stakes golf. "A man has to play for his own cash or it don't mean nothin'," says Brunson, who has been known to play golf for so much money it would make Jack Nicklaus swoon.

The tournament was called the Doyle (Texas Dolly) Brunson World Match Play Championship, and it was held at The Dunes Hotel and Country Club, a patch of emerald surrounded by palms and oleander bushes just off the Vegas Strip. A total of 32 almost unknown pros put up \$5,000 apiece and played "knockout" for four days to see who would walk away with the \$50,000 first prize, which is almost as much as Tom Watson takes home to K.C. for winning one of the biggies on the tour.

The field could've been twice as big, but in the last days, when late entries came pouring in, Brunson didn't have time to see which entry checks would bounce and which would clear the bank. And he could've had a bunch of name players from the PGA tour if it hadn't been for Tour Commissioner Deane Beman. A couple of months before Dolly's event, a letter from Beman's office went out to all members. It read:

"IMPORTANT NOTICE

"To: PGA TOUR Members

"From: Deane Beman

"An advertisement recently appeared about Dolly's 1980 World Match play championship scheduled for Nov. 11 through 16, in Las Vegas, Nevada. The ad describes 'Texas Dolly' as being '2-time world champion of poker' and author of 'How I Made a Million Dollars Playing Poker.' Some PGA Tour members may have been approached about participating in this event.

"All PGA Tour members are reminded of their obligations as members under Article VI, Section B3 of the tournament regulations as follows:



Despite a PGA ban, a high-stakes Vegas gambler rounded up enough pros—and high-rolling onlookers riding in carts—to run his own tournament, you betcha

Dolly makes a rich match

"A player shall not do any of the following:

"3. Associate with or have dealings with persons whose activities, including gambling, might reflect adversely upon the integrity of the game of golf."

"In view of the above-referenced advertisement, it is my belief that participation in this event by PGA Tour members might reflect adversely upon the integrity of the game of golf and participation in this event would violate the tournament regulations."

And that took care of that.

Brunson, who hails from Sweetwater, Texas, was asked if he felt that his activities reflected adversely upon the integrity of the game.

"Only when I hit it out of bounds," he said. "I got just one question about Be-

man's letter: Why do a bunch of grown men stand for it?"

No player was seeded in Dolly's tournament. A blind draw was used because, for one thing, nobody connected with running the event, including Don Cherry, the former touring pro, crooner and now special-events director at The Dunes, had any idea whom to seed, most of the entries being assistant pros or gypsies from the mini-tour.

Because the tournament gallery would be made up largely of Brunson's friends—gentlemen with names like Billy, Puggy, Buddy and Jamie, people who'd like to get some friendly action on the proceedings—Dolly decided he'd better give some thought to who these golfers were. Two entrants were known to devotees of agate type. They were

continued

Monte Kaser and Jim Masserio, both of whom had once played the big tour. Kaser is now a dealer at the Landmark Hotel in Vegas and so, it was thought, might have an edge in "local knowledge" on The Dunes course. But so would Bruce Ashworth, now from Lake Havasu, Ariz. He'd once been the pro at The Dunes.

"I believe I like Monte Kaser and Bruce Ashworth better than them other folks," Brunson said to his friend Billy Baxter.

"Which of them two you like best?" said Baxter.

"I believe I like Monte Kaser, since I've heard of him," Brunson said.

"O.K., I'll take Bruce," Baxter said. Kaser promptly lost in the first round, as did Masserio. So much for known players. "I never won at nothin' but poker," said Brunson.

On the other hand, Ashworth, a stylish player despite a cross-handed putting stroke, kept winning. He defeated Bobby Cornett of Irving, Texas and Frank Reynolds of Lake Placid, Fla. and Mark Wiebe of Escondido, Calif., a tall, long-hitting blond who wants to go on the big tour. Then Ashworth beat Jim Wilkinson of Winter Park, Fla., another big hitter whose jeans kept slipping down his hips, and was in the finals.

At the same time, an unknown among unknowns was making it to the finals from the other bracket. Twenty-one-year-old Rick Pearson of Daytona, Fla. was playing in his first pro tournament, if one didn't count a shot at the PGA

Qualifying School, which he failed. Pearson was a fine hitter with a Florida cockiness about him. "Christmas is over, I ain't foolin'," he'd say to an opponent after failing to make an easy birdie putt.

Pearson reached the finals by firing three- and four-under-par rounds at folks named Lynn Landgren from Salt Lake City, Pete Brumfield from Roswell, N. Mex., James Blair from Ogden, Utah and Dave Lundstrum from Houston, another strong young player who intends to make it through the qualifying school someday and join the blond look-alikes on the tour.

The final was set: Ashworth, the cross-hander with local knowledge, against Pearson, the Florida hot dog who clearly looked to be the stronger, better player. The night before the deciding round Brunson was dining in a seafood restaurant with some friends when Baxter found him. Baxter had in mind promoting a little more action with Brunson—but at the right odds.

"I make that Pearson kid a dollar 40," said Baxter, who already had Ashworth in the big bet with Dolly on who would win the tournament.

"Not at that price," Brunson said. "I can get a dollar 30 anywhere in town," Baxter said.

"I think you ought to bet," said Brunson, dipping into the stewed tomatoes and zucchini. "I ain't givin' no dollar 30."

"Dolly Brunson don't want to make a bet"—is that what I'm gonna hear

around town?" said Baxter, adding that he was double-paroled outside.

"If that's what it sounds like," said Brunson.

Starting off in the finals with \$20,000 at stake—that being the difference between the \$50,000 first prize and the \$30,000 second prize—Pearson, the favorite, didn't play like one. After nine holes, he was 3-down to Ashworth, who shot a steady par 36.

Many of the spectators who had been touring the course in a fleet of golf carts came into the clubhouse from the 9th green to get something to drink and assess the situation.

"I make the kid 4 to 1 now," said a squat little man in a sweater. Just then, word came over a walkie-talkie that Ashworth had conceded the 10th hole. He was only 2-up.

"What'd you say?" Brunson asked the man in the sweater.

"I said I make the kid 3½ to 1."

Brunson got back into his golf cart and headed out on the course, arriving at the 13th as Pearson holed out for a par. Ashworth bogeyed the hole to narrow the gap to one-up. Then, after sinking a 12-foot birdie putt on the 14th while Ashworth was making par, Pearson drew even.

"I've got mixed emotions," Brunson said, revealing that he'd got some money down on Pearson after all. "I bet even on the kid, but it's better for the tournament if Bruce wins. More people know him."

"Uh-huh," Cherry said. "Your emotions are mixed all the way to your cash."

Ashworth and Pearson went through 18 dead even. On the first extra hole of sudden death, the par-four No. 1, both players drove in the fairway, and both reached the green with short irons. Ashworth was closer to the pin, about 20 feet out. Pearson was a difficult 40 feet away. The squat little man in the sweater addressed Brunson again, "I got the kid 4 to 1."

"Last clown laughs the hardest," said Dolly.

Pearson two-putted for his par. Ashworth then cross-handed the 20-footer into the cup for a winning birdie. Several people ran onto the green and shook his hand. Others jumped up and down and hugged each other.

"Well," Texas Dolly said, pointing the golf cart toward the clubhouse, "you can stick a fork in me. I'm done."



The winner, his cash—no checks—plus (from left) The Dunes' president, Cherry and Texas Dolly

Stress can rob you of vitamins. And zinc.

What science tells us about stress and vitamins.

Stress is your body's reaction to any physical condition that places an unusual demand on it. When it upsets your nutritional balance, stress—whether due to physical overwork, fat dieting, alcohol, a severe infection or injury—may cause a vitamin depletion.

Stress and poor diet. Both ends
of the vitamin candle.



It's true that certain vitamins are stockpiled in the body for emergency use. But most of the water-soluble vitamins are not. If the extraordinary nutritional demands of stress are prolonged, a deficiency of these vitamins can develop.

The importance of zinc during stress.

Zinc is an essential mineral found in human tissues. It is involved in dozens of the body's biochemical activities, including digestion, respiration, and the normal growth of bone and skin cells. Because zinc requirements have also been found to increase during various forms of stress, it has recently been concluded that there are times when your body may also need more zinc.

Why doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins with Zinc.

Supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins during stress is a well-accepted practice among the medical

profession. And, for years, STRESSTABS has been the formula most often prescribed or recommended. Today, because of observed deficiencies of zinc during stress, more and more physicians are recommending the addition of zinc to traditional stress vitamin supplementation.

STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc provides a high potency concentration of the water-soluble vitamins, plus zinc, and 45 IU of vitamin E.

Talk to the experts about STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc.

Ask your doctor or pharmacist what he thinks of this different brand of vitamin. STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc can't eliminate stress, but its carefully balanced formula can help you avoid the nutritional deficiencies stress can create.



Gilbey's idea of a Gin and Tonic:

Taste the gin, too.

Gilbey's Gin is made with a unique idea in mind. The taste of the gin is important and should not be hidden by the mixer. So when you drink a Gilbey's Gin & Tonic, you'll taste the gin, too.



The Gilbey's name and the diamond design are registered trademarks of the Gilbey's Company, Ltd. © 1988 Gilbey's Company, Ltd. All rights reserved. Gilbey's Gin & Tonic is a registered trademark of Gilbey's Company, Ltd. in the U.S. and other countries.

A real breath of fresh air

The days when stuffy coaches could put opponents under with non-passing offenses are over. Now even the most conservative mentors know that to go you must throw

During the '70s, college football was dominated by run-oriented offenses—"You've got to establish that ground game first, Kenh." Backs who gained 100 yards on a Saturday afternoon were commonplace. Wishbone, veer and power I became part of the game's jargon, as did the fullback belly series and USC's student-body right. But now the ground game is being challenged, perhaps even passed, if you will. Introducing the aerial carcus, the run-and-shoot or the flare-flood control. No matter what their coaches may call the air attack, today's quarterbacks are throwing the ball, throwing it so well, in fact, that the official NCAA 1980 Football Records book is in tatters.

Consider the action on Saturday, Nov. 8. Purdue's Mark Herrmann set what apparently was a Big Ten single-game passing record, 439 yards, except that Dave Wilson, playing for the Boilermakers' opponent that day, Illinois, broke it, throwing for 621 yards—which is also the NCAA single-game mark. As it turned out, Herrmann's 439 yards didn't give him even the bronze medal among that afternoon's passers. Also that day Ben Bennett, Duke's sensational freshman, passed for an ACC-record 469 yards and Brigham Young's Jim McMahon threw for 464. And though he only got 230 yards, Washington's Tom Flick was no slouch; he completed a record 16 of his 17 passes—or 94% of his attempts.

Overall, the day produced the wildest passing statistics of the season—an average of 328 yards a game. And that number doesn't include the feats of Neil Lomax, Portland State's marvel, who breaks a Division I-AA record every time he throws a pass or completes one. In a 105-0 triumph over Delaware State, Lomax threw eight touchdown passes, a du-

zying seven of them in the first quarter.

Last Saturday it more or less happened again. Wake Forest's Jay Venuto nearly broke Bennett's record, throwing for 447 yards, and Lomax for 448 yards, including his record 101st touchdown pass. Wilson brought his two-week passing total to more than 1,000 yards, with a 403-yard performance. Meanwhile, McMahon completed 23 passes for another 441 yards, giving him 3,834 for the season. With two games still to play, he shouldn't have any trouble becoming the first major college player to pass for 4,000 yards in a season. With McMahon doing the pitching, Brigham Young is averaging 416.2 passing yards, 42 more than the NCAA Division I-A team record set by San Diego State in 1969, and Lomax' team is rolling up an even better 422.6 a game.

Career passing records are falling every week, too. In the Midwest, Herrmann has exceeded the major-college career passing-yardage mark with 8,865. Down South, Tennessee State's Joe Adams, who has 8,300 career passing yards, threw for three touchdowns Saturday, increasing his four-year total to 77, eight more than the 11-year-old Division I-A record established by North Texas State's Steve Ramsey. Out West, the collegiate career of California's Rich Campbell ended abruptly three weeks ago with an injury to his left knee. But before it did he set the Division I-A season mark for completion percentage (70.7%) and broke Roger Staubach's career accuracy record (for 400 attempts or more) by connecting on 64.4% of his throws. Also, the single-season record of 296 completions, set by Bill Anderson of Tulsa in 1965, is in jeopardy. McMahon already has hit on 242 passes.

All this has the NCAA Statistics Ser-



Lomax' passes throw a scare at his opponents

vice in Shawnee Mission, Kans. on red alert. The emphasis on passing this season has risen from 30.5% to 32.7% of all offensive plays, the greatest swing from one season to the next since the two-platoon era began in 1965. Moreover, the rise in passing yardage per major-college game (24.2 yards, both teams combined) is expected to be the largest since 1958. And this year passing had its greatest increase ever. (Actually, larger increases occurred in 1949, 1965 and 1968, but in those years new rules brought about big jumps in total plays. Passing merely went along for the ride.)

Today's sudden air-mindedness reflects a change in coaches' thinking. For instance, after Ohio State's Art Schil-

continued

chter completed 17 of 21 passes, four of them for touchdowns, against Illinois. Buckeye Coach Earle Bruce said, "I honestly believe we should have thrown more." His chief rival, Bo Schembechler at Michigan, is also passing more now and enjoying it, too. "When defenses brought the eighth man up to the line to take away the strong-side run, it created a weakness in secondary coverages," he said. "There isn't a coach in the world who wouldn't take advantage of it." As an aftermath, Schembechler said, "It's not smart not to pass to Anthony Carter." Right you are, Bo. Last week Carter caught two TD passes in Michigan's 26-0 victory over Purdue.

Why, all of a sudden, is everybody so hot to throw? A survey, which included a dozen coaches, last week turned up roughly as many different opinions as there were respondents. Some cited recent NCAA rulings that prohibit the blocking of receivers below the waist by defenders, allow offensive linemen more liberal use of their hands while pass blocking and permit offensive players to throw blocks downfield when a pass is completed. Others attribute increased passing to an influx of pro coaches in college ball. Still others point out that quarterbacks and receivers are entering college with greater skills than ever before.

But not all of the reasons are so obvious. Listen to a few authorities:

"Down linemen are getting so big and so strong—260- and 270-pounders—that you simply can't run over them. You're forced to go around them or over the top of them"—Baylor's Grant Teaff.

"With today's rules, deep dropbacks and shotgun formations, it's almost impossible to get to the quarterback"—Purdue's Jim Young.

"The defense only has 11 guys out there. No one is going to stop our passing game with 11 guys"—Portland State's Darrell (Mouse) Davis.

"For years coaches believed that college quarterbacks weren't around long enough to learn the reading of defenses and audibling. All of a sudden we discovered that they can"—Pitt Offensive Coordinator Wally English.

"College coaches attend pro camps, see footballs flying around and imitate. They can't let pro ball be more entertaining"—John Ralston, San Francisco 49er vice-president and former Stanford coach.

"A team that can't dominate from

down one to down 130 has to throw sometime. And isn't it wise to do so when you want to, instead of when you have to?"—Florida's Charley Pell.

"Out here in the WAC, you have to score quickly. The only way to do it is to put the ball in the air"—Utah's Wayne Howard.

"When I was offensive coordinator at Stanford, we were continually being beaten by USC. To make up for our lack of talent, we had to throw the ball. That way you have less of a physical mismatch"—Illinois' Mike White.

"I don't for a moment think it relates to the Rose Bowl"—Big Ten Commissioner Wayne Duke, reacting perhaps to his conference's having lost 10 of the last 11 Rose Bowls, generally to Pac-10 teams that passed much more effectively than did the Big Ten champs.

Still, the overriding opinion among the polled coaches was that defenses have finally and completely learned how to stymie the offenses of the 1970s, particularly those employing triple options. As an old TCU coach named Abe Martin used to say, "Football ain't nothing but offenses cooking something up and defenses chasing 'em and catching 'em." It still is. "It's not revolutionary but evolutionary," Portland State's Davis says. "It boils down to which side has the chalk last."

Right now the chalk is in the hands of offense, and it's drawing up still more passing plays involving even more sophisticated routes. "Every time you see a coverage you can come up with a pattern to beat it," says TCU Coach F.A. Drey. "In the near future, you'll see deeper breaks—20 to 22 yards out instead of the 12- and 14-yarders you see now." Most of his colleagues agree. "No question. Offenses now have the upper hand," Teaff says. "You'll see more scoring, and more defenses having a tougher time of it."

Pitt's English thinks he knows what the reaction will be on the other side of the line of scrimmage. "Defense used to mean big, powerful men playing against the run," he says. "But soon we'll start seeing a big man or two replaced by lighter, quicker players. The shift will be to stopping the pass first, which you can't do with a lot of linemen. And many teams are already beginning to put their best athletes on defense. Future defenses will rely more on skill than strength."

Indeed, one revolutionary scheme has already been tried by Minnesota. Against Purdue and Illinois, among others, the

Gophers unveiled an 11-man line. "Passing teams want to see familiar numbers," explains Defensive Coordinator Bruce Vandervell. "They like to see you rush four men and play zone coverage with seven, or rush five or six and play man-to-man with the others. With numbers they recognize, they can pick up a blitz, read coverages, throw to open zones. Our 11-man line takes away the numbers game." At times, Minnesota tried rushing three players and using eight to defend downfield. Other times it rushed nine men. "If we rush, we rush. We don't play games," Vandervell says.

So far, however, Minnesota stands eighth in Big Ten pass defense, so maybe the Gophers don't have the answer yet. But right now, no one else seems to have it either.

THE WEEK by HERM WEISKOPF

EAST "I never thought it would end,"

Army Quarterback Bryan Allen said after being sacked six times and fumbling twice during a 45-7 drubbing by Pittsburgh. Although Panther signal-callers also suffered some indignities—they were intercepted seven times—they passed for 436 yards. Pitt's Rick Troceno completed 11 of 23 for 144 yards and two touchdowns, and Dan Marino, playing for the first time in almost a month since injuring his right knee, hit on 20 of 30 for 292 yards and two TDs.

"Into each life a little rain must fall, but I never thought the whole season would be pretty much a monsoon." So said Coach Wayne Hardin after a 50-7 loss to Penn State left Temple with a 4-6 record. Even though the Nittany Lions amassed 471 yards in total offense, it wasn't until Quarterback Jeff Hostetler came off the bench in the second period, with Temple ahead 7-3, that they began to click. Penn State finally went in front 13-7 when Joel Coles scored from three yards out, shortly before intermission. Then came the onslaught—31 points in the first 24 minutes of the second half. Hostetler, who passed for 111 yards and ran for 55, scored on two short runs, and Kevin Baugh got a TD on a dazzling, gear-shifting 62-yard punt return during which he reversed his field three times. Penn and Penn State meet next week, then go to bowls, the Panthers to the Gator against South Carolina and the Nittany Lions to the Fiesta against the Big Ten runner-up.

Two other Pennsylvania teams—Bucknell and Lehigh—won impressively. Ken Jenkins of the Browns rushed for 191 yards and es-

continued

established a Division I-AA record by finishing the season with 1,884 yards of all-purpose running as Bucknell upset Boston University 30-17. Undefeated Lehigh beat Northeastern 42-19 as John Ahlster ran for 143 yards, Jimmy Evanko for 110 and Steve Plucinsky for 108.

Boston College and West Virginia rallied for victories. The Eagles, who trailed Syracuse 13-6 at halftime, were 27-16 winners as Shelby Gamble scored once in the third period and twice in the fourth. Three second-quarter touchdowns—two by Walter Easley—enabled the Mountaineers to erase a 7-0 deficit and win 24-15 at Rutgers.

Yale clutched at least a tie for the Ivy League title, winning at home against Princeton 25-13 as Rich Dunn ran for 165 yards. Visiting teams won the other Ivy games. Dartmouth scored 21 points in the fourth period to overtake Brown 28-24; Harvard wiped out Penn's 14-0 advantage and went on to win 28-17, and Cornell beat Columbia 24-0.

PITT(9-1)

PENN STATE(9-1) NAVY(7-3)

SOUTH Georgia caught Auburn off guard on the last play of the first half and on the first play of the last half. With nine seconds left in the second period, Bulldog Quarterback Buck Belue fumbled the snap at the Tiger one-yard line, whereupon the clock was stopped until officials could settle who had possession of the ball. Knowing he didn't have any time-outs remaining and that the clock would start as soon as the ball was marked, Belue immediately called "clock play." That was a signal to his teammates to line up and be ready to run a predetermined play as soon as the clock was restarted. On the ensuing snap, Norm Brown caught the Tigers rapping as he zipped into the end zone to grab a pass from Belue for a 17-7 halftime lead.

Auburn protested the play so vigorously it was hit with a 15-yard penalty, applied at the start of the second half. Georgia then surprised Auburn with an onside kick, which the Bulldogs recovered and turned into another TD. Belue's 99 yards passing, 77 yards rushing and one-yard scoring plunge propelled Georgia to a 31-21 triumph, the Southeastern Conference championship and a berth in the Sugar Bowl against Notre Dame, which beat Alabama 7-0 (page 34).

It was no easy victory for the Bulldogs, who were ranked No. 1 in the nation for the first time in 38 years. Georgia trailed 7-0 early in the second period, didn't have a first down during the opening 12 minutes and wound up with a 350-339 edge in total yardage. Freddie Gilbert put the Bulldogs on top 10-7 when he ran a blocked punt back 27 yards, and Herschel Walker made it 31-7 with an 18-yard fumble. Walker, however, didn't have one of his customary big days, finishing with 77 yards in 27 carries, eight yards fewer

than Auburn's James Brooks had in 21 cracks. Belue was Georgia's main man. Four times on third-and-long he scrambled for first downs, keeping alive three drives that paid off in touchdowns. Rex Robinson of Georgia became the SEC's all-time scoring leader, his 40-yard field goal and four PAT kicks increasing his career total to 261 points.

Mississippi State, which had shocked Alabama 6-3 two weeks earlier, came back from a week's layoff to outlast Louisiana State 55-31. Glen Young of Mississippi State broke a 24-24 tie by running back the second-half kickoff 100 yards. That started a four-touchdown, third-quarter spree by the Bulldogs. Freshman John Bond of Mississippi State, who had begun the day's scoring by teaming up with David Ellis on a 50-yard pass, added a 69-yarder to Mandy McDole during the third-period outburst. This week Mississippi State will take on Mississippi, a 20-9 victor at Tennessee, and then will go to the Sun Bowl, where its opponent will probably be the loser of the Nebraska-Oklahoma game.

For the second time in three weeks Kentucky lost in the waning moments amid confusion and controversy. On Nov. 1 a pair of pass-interference rulings against the Wildcats enabled Tulane to kick a game-deciding field goal after time had run out. Last week Kentucky led 15-14 with 34 seconds remaining and Florida in possession on its own 12. The Gators, who had used all their time-outs, gained 51 quick yards as freshman Wayne Pace completed three of four passes. Chris Collinsworth caught the third of those throws, a 21-yarder, at the Wildcat 17. Kentucky Coach Fran Curci argued in vain that the catch had been made out of bounds. The Gators' Brian Clark then booted a 34-yard field goal with no time left to pull out a 17-15 victory. Florida, which was 0-10-1 last season, is now 7-2 with three games to go, the biggest improvement by any team in the nation. The Gators' 665-gaine turnaround is one of the 15 best ever, and two more wins would surpass the all-time mark of eight by Purdue, which went from 1-8 in 1942 to 9-0 the next year. Florida's final three matchups will be against Miami, Florida State and Maryland Vanderbilt, hoping to double last season's total of one victory, led Miami 14-7 in the second period. But the Hurricanes pulled out a 24-17 triumph. Maryland, which knocked off Clemson 34-7, will take on Florida in the Tangerine Bowl in Orlando. That's the hometown of Chris Haver, a Terp walk-on who caught six of Mike Tice's passes for 107 yards and two touchdowns.

In another ACC game, first-place North Carolina defeated Virginia 26-3. Kelvin Bryant's 81-yard scoring run was the big play of the day. He finished with 111 yards, while fellow Tar Heel Amos Lawrence ran for 95 yards and two touchdowns. That left Lawrence with 4,248 yards, the ninth highest career figure in NCAA history.

George Rogers of South Carolina moved up to fourth on that all-time list by raring his total to 4,790 yards rushing with a 177-yard performance during a 39-38 triumph over Wake Forest. TD runs of two and 24 yards by Rogers gave the Gamecocks a 14-7 lead, but Jay Vesuto kept rallying the Deacons with 28-for-50 passing that was good for 447 yards and four touchdowns. The last of his scoring passes was caught by Wayne Baumgardner, who latched on to 12 for 171 yards and two touchdowns. That put Wake Forest ahead 38-31 with 1:16 to be played. After completing an 18-yard toss, South Carolina's Garry Harper unfurled a bomb that glanced off the hands of a Deacon defender and into the mitts of Horace Smith, who ran the final 20 yards to the end zone. That still left the Gamecocks one point short at 38-37. So Harper went to the sure-handed Smith on a two-point pass that wrapped up the scoring. In all, Harper passed for 266 yards and three TDs.

Georgia Tech, which had tied Notre Dame the week before, ran out of magic against Navy, losing 19-8. The Yellow Jackets gained only 41 yards in the first half, didn't complete a pass until late in the third period and failed to cross midfield until the fourth quarter. Tech's defense, though more worthy than its offense, had difficulty bringing down Eddie Meyers, who ran for 148 yards.

Virginia Tech, which beat VMI 21-6, is also bowl-bound. The Gobblers will play in the Peach Bowl against a victory guest.

Grambling State spoiled South Carolina State's try for a perfect season, 26-3. That left only one unbeaten and untied team in Division I-AA, idle Western Kentucky.

GEORGIA(10-0)

FLORIDA STATE(9-1) ALABAMA(8-2)

SOUTHWEST Not surprising, by Grant Teaff, the Baylor coach, spent some time early last week pushing the All-America candidacy of his prize running back, Walter Abernethy. Abernethy then returned the favor—and strengthened his credentials—by racing 79 yards to the Rice one on the Bears' first play of the game. On the next play, he rumbled into the end zone to start Baylor on its way to a 16-6 triumph that clinched the Southwest Conference championship. For the day, Abernethy gained 168 yards.

Quarterback Donnie Little of Texas, who had been demoted to second string two weeks ago, got a chance to start once again when his replacement was hurt. Little came through, completing 12 passes in a row in one span and winding up with 334 yards in total offense while the Longhorns beat Texas Christian 51-26. Little completed 16 of 22 passes for 215 yards and one TD, and in 16 carries he gained 119 yards and scored twice.

Arkansas, which led 24-0 at the intermission,

continued

There's no mystery why and Ford, GM, Datsun,



PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K WAGON \$6,721*

40 24

EST HWY EPA EST MPG



PLYMOUTH RELIANT-K COUPE \$5,880*

41 25

EST HWY EPA EST MPG



PLYMOUTH TC3 HATCHBACK \$6,149*

41 27

EST HWY EPA EST MPG



PLYMOUTH HORIZON MISER \$5,299*

50 30

EST HWY EPA EST MPG



PLYMOUTH CHAMP HATCHBACK \$4,988*

50 37

EST HWY EPA EST MPG



THE
AMERICAN
WAY TO
BEAT THE
PUMP

Plymouth sales are up** Toyota are down.

**AMERICA'S
HIGHEST MILEAGE
6-PASSENGER
WAGON.**

**AMERICA'S
HIGHEST MILEAGE
6-PASSENGER
COUPE.**

**AMERICA'S
HIGHEST MILEAGE
FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE
SPORTS COUPE.**

**HIGHEST HIGHWAY
GASOLINE MILEAGE
EVER ACHIEVED
BY ANY
AMERICAN CAR.**

**AMERICA'S
HIGHEST MILEAGE
5-PASSENGER
CAR.**

	EST HWT	EPA EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE*
RELIANT-K CUSTOM WAGON	40	24	6	Front	\$6,721
Dodgemobile Cutlass Wagon	30	21	6	Rear	\$7,417
Chevrolet Malibu Wagon	26	19	6	Rear	\$6,792
Pontiac LeMans Wagon	30	21	6	Rear	\$7,316
Toyota Corona Wagon	37	23	5	Rear	\$6,649
Datsun 810 Wagon	34	23	5	Rear	\$7,929

Plumtree Highway-K Custom Wagon Standard Features • Years 4-2 2 liter DHC engine • K Tech drive shaft comb of 1.500 in • Rack and pinion steering • Power 3 and disc and steel drum brakes • Semi-extended winds build wipers • AM radio • May be ordered for 6000 • 1992 2 Cu. Ft. 440 gals. volume (with 1 gal. oil) • Custom all vinyl bench seats • 100 lbs. compressed safety belts • ABS 2000 approach on 1 inch wheel

	EST HWT	EPW EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF GRIVE	BASE PRICE*
RELIANT-K COUPE	41	23	6	Front	\$5,880
Chevrolet Citation 2-Door Hatchback	35	22	5	Front	\$6,270
Oldsmobile Omega 2-Door Coupe	35	22	5	Front	\$6,343
Buick Skylark 2-Door Coupe	35	22	5	Front	\$6,405
Ford Fairmont 2-Door Sedan	34	23	5/6	Rear	\$6,032
Ford Granada 2-Door Sedan	34	23	5/6	Rear	\$6,474

Plymouth Nebula® Coupe Standard Features • 1600-4 2.2 liter OHC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack & pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 4 speed manual transmission with over drive • Cold, alloy wheels • 16" wide vinyl side molding • Set-in concave windshield wipers • Cloth and vinyl bench seats • Deluxe color-coated safety belts • Color-matched door handles

	EST RATED	EST SEATING	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE¹
TC3 2-DOOR HATCHBACK	41	27	5	Front	\$8,149
Honda Prelude	36	27	4	Front	\$7,095
Datsun 200SX 2-Door Hatchback	39	28	4	Rear	\$7,189
Ford Mustang 2-Door Hatchback	34	23	4	Rear	\$6,408
Toyota Celica GT 2-Door Liftback	37	29	4	Rear	\$7,209
VW Scirocco 2-Door Hatchback	40	25	4	Front	\$8,495

Plymouth T&T 2 Door Hatchback Standard Features: • 4 cylinder 1.7 liter QMC engine • Electronic fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 2 disc • 4 speed manual transmission • tinted glass • radial tires • fold-down rear seat • custom all-steel body • shock absorbers • steel spare tire wheel

	EST Hwy	EPA-EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE*
HORIZON MIZER 4-DOOR LIFTRACK	50	30	5	Front	\$5,299
Ford Escort L 4-Door Liftgate	42	27	4	Front	\$5,814
VW Rabbit L 4-Door Liftback	42	28	4	Front	\$6,520
Datsun 510 4-Door Hatchback	41	30	4	Rear	\$6,639
Toyota Corolla Deluxe 4-Door Sedan	39	28	4	Rear	\$5,458
Chevrolet Chevette 4-Door Liftback	39	30	4	Rear	\$5,394

Plymouth Horizon Mixer 4-Door Liftback Standard Package • 4 cylinder 1 liter OHC engine • Electric fuel control system • Rack and pinion steering • Front disc and rear drum brakes • 8 speed manual transaxle • Radiator fan • Multifunction steering column lever • Fold down rear seat (liftback entry) • All vinyl bucket seats • Color keys available • Available for order

	EST HWY	EST EST MPG*	PASSENGER ROOM	TYPE OF DRIVE	BASE PRICE*
CHAMP HATCHBACK	50	37	5	Front	\$4,900
Ford Escort 3-Door Hatchback	44	30	4	Front	\$5,150
Toyota Tercel Liftback	46	34	5	Front	\$5,050
Datsun 310 2-Door Hatchback	42	32	4	Front	\$5,100
Honda Accord	36	27	4	Front	\$6,440
Chevrolet Chevette 2-Door	39	30	4	Rear	\$5,250

Plymouth Champ Hatchback Standard Features: • 1.4 liter OHV, 160A, Jet engine with hemispherical combustion chambers • Electronic ignition • Rack and pinion steering • Power front disc brakes • 4-speed manual transmission • Steel belted radial whitewall tires • Trip odometer, temperature and fuel gauges • Reclining bucket seats • Folding rear seat • Front and rear bumper guards

*Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather, and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. †MSRP sticker price. Standard equipment listed varies among cars. Destination charges, title and taxes extra. ‡WSV \$31 extra on Buick; \$22 extra on Honda and \$18 extra on TCU. **Based on 2006 sales.

son, was caught at 24-all by Texas A&M after 17 minutes of the second half. The Aggie rally went for naught, however, when Ish Ordonez kicked a 27-yard field goal with eight seconds to go for a 27-24 Hog victory.

Southern Methodist's Mustangs expected a cakewalk at Texas Tech. What they got was a pie in the face. Ron Reeves of the Red Raiders tossed a 12-yard scoring pass to Jamie Harris and set up another touchdown by hitting him with a 38-yarder to the SMU one. That was enough to give Tech a stunning 14-0 win. Nevertheless, the Mustangs were one of five SWC teams to accept bowl invitations. The lineup: SMU vs. the WAC champ in the Holiday Bowl; Baylor vs. Alabama in the Cotton; Texas vs. North Carolina in the Bluebonnet; Houston vs. Navy in the Garden State; and Arkansas vs. Tulane in the Hall of Fame.

**BAYLOR(9-1)
TEXAS(7-2) SMU(7-3)**

MIDEAST "The idea was Coach McCartney's," said Bo Schemmbecher of Michigan Defensive Coordinator Bill McCartney's plan to deploy six defensive backs in an attempt to thwart the passing of Purdue's Mark Herrmann. McCartney's scheme worked well: of Herrmann's 34 passes, three were intercepted by those backs and one by Linebacker Andy Cannavino. He completed 21 for a measly 129 yards. Wolverine Quarterback John Wampler and Wide Receiver Anthony Carter accounted for more than that all by themselves, collaborating on eight passes for 133 yards and two touchdowns. That, plus 164 yards and one TD rushing by Stanley Edwards, made Michigan a 26-0 victor. The shutout was the Wolverines' third straight.

For Iowa, the nicest thing about its 41-7 loss to the Buckeyes was that it was the last time it will meet Ohio State until 1983. Art Schlichter riddled the Hawkeyes by completing nine passes in a row and 13 of 18 for 195 yards and two touchdowns. Two of those tosses—one for a TD—were grabbed by Tailback Calvin Murray, who also ran for 183 yards in 25 carries. Murray's 208 all-purpose yards were 61 more than Iowa had all afternoon.

Michigan State beat Minnesota 30-12. Wisconsin defeated Northwestern 39-19, and Indiana hung on to edge Illinois 26-24. When Mike Herkader of the Hoosiers banged up his left knee in the first period, the tailback duties fell to Lonnie Johnson, who set up a touchdown with a 41-yard pass reception and ran for three scores. Johnson combined with Quarterback Tim Clifford to rally Indiana from an 18-7 deficit. Clifford, who'd suffered a shoulder injury the week before, entered the game in the third period, passed for 119 yards and put the Hoosiers on top 26-18 with a seven-yard pass to Dave Harangody. David Wilson of Illinois, who com-

pleted 24 of 41 for 403 yards and three touchdowns, guided his team 84 yards for the final score, but his try for a game-tying two-point conversion on a pass was intercepted by Tim Wajnar.

Nebraska and Oklahoma both won—meaning that this week's encounter between the two will decide which of them will play in the Orange Bowl against Florida State. The Huskers pounced on six Iowa State fumbles while winning 35-0. Andra Franklin of Nebraska rushed for 104 yards on 10 carries, and Jeff Quinn ran for two touchdowns and passed for a third. Oklahoma kept pace by playing its best defense of the year during a 17-7 victory over Missouri. The Tigers, who had been averaging more than 375 yards a game, got only 210 against the Sooners. Nonetheless, Missouri earned a consolation prize: a trip to the Liberty Bowl to face Purdue. Despite injuries that sidelined starting Halfback David Overstreet and the top two fullbacks, Oklahoma rushed for 310 yards. Second-string Halfback Buster Rhymes filled in well, racking up 132 yards and scoring on runs of five and 55 yards. In other conference games, Oklahoma State defeated Kansas State 10-0 and Kansas routed Colorado 42-3.

A Mid-American Conference-record crowd of 32,139 crammed into Western Michigan's Waldo Stadium and overflowed onto a slope nearby. The occasion: a game with Central Michigan for the league title. The crowd cheered three Central students who ran onto the field with the game ball, which had been carried by a relay of runners from the Chippewas' campus some 100 miles away. The Broncos built a 10-0 lead early in the second quarter but then there, on it was all Central as Quarterback Kevin Northrup scored twice. That, as well as 20 tackles by Linebacker Ray Bentley, enabled Central to take its second championship in a row, 22-10.

**NOTRE DAME(8-0-1)
NEBRASKA(9-1) OHIO STATE(9-1)**

WEST "USC's November, the Trojan month," is the way Southern Cal Coach John Robinson liked to refer to it. According to Robinson's calendar, victories over Washington and UCLA on Nov. 15 and 22, respectively, would give the Trojans the Pac-10 title and bragging rights around Los Angeles. It would also keep Southern Cal's non-losing streak going and perhaps make USC's Dec. 6 confrontation with Notre Dame a battle for No. 1. Nice dream. Washington turned it into a nightmare by winning at Southern Cal for the first time since 1964. And the Huskies did it without their leading rusher, Toussaint Tyler, who was out with a bruised knee. En route to its 20-10 victory, Washington scored twice in the third quarter, first on Ray Horton's 73-yard punt return and then on a 10-yard Tom Flick-to-Paul Skansi pass. Marcus Allen's 216 yards

rushing helped the Trojans to a 404-212 margin in total yardage. But Allen hurt his right arm late in the game and couldn't return, and Quarterback Gordon Adams went out when he tore up his right knee late in the first half. What finished off USC, though, was the loss of four fumbles and four intercepted passes. Washington thus ended the Trojans' longest-ever unbeaten string at 28 games and scored itself a berth in the Rose Bowl.

UCLA recovered from what Coach Terry Donahue called "a severe case of mental flu," i.e., successive losses to Arizona and Oregon. Providing the cure was Jay Schroeder, who came off the bench to direct three TD drives, two of which he climaxed with passes, as the Bruins won 23-14 at Arizona State.

When rookie Coach Joe Avezzano took over at Oregon State, he declared "war" on Oregon and promised to increase local interest in the annual game between the two teams. Although the Beavers were winless,

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Lonnie Johnson, a 6'1", 205-pound senior tailback, ran for a team-record 237 yards and three touchdowns in 37 carries and caught three passes for another 56 yards as Indiana handed Illinois a 26-24 setback.

DEFENSE: Rocky Jackson, a 6'2½", 217-pound senior end, wrecked Army as Pitt won 45-7. He made 12 tackles, including three sacks, blocked a punt, intercepted a pass, caused a fumble and forced two bad throws.

Avezzano sure enough built up interest, and a record 41,600 jammed into OSU's Parker Stadium. Oregon won 40-21, thanks mostly to Quarterback Reggie Ogborn, who gained 173 yards rushing in only 14 carries.

Santosa Santos twice slammed into the end zone from one yard out and passed to Jeff Keller for a 69-yard score as Washington State defeated California 31-17. Arizona equaled a school record with 42 first-half points and routed University of the Pacific 63-35.

Bingham Young took over first place in the Western AC by clobbering Colorado State 45-14 as Jim McMahon continued to set passing records. He connected on 23 of 33 throws for five touchdowns, and his 441 yards through the air gave him 3,834 for the season, an NCAA mark. McMahon also extended two of his own records by passing for more than 300 yards for the ninth time in a row and by passing for more than 400 for the fifth consecutive game.

Air Force got its first WAC triumph by toppling Wyoming 25-7. Leading the way were Scott Schaffer, who had two TD passes, and Sean Pavlich, who kicked four field goals.

**WASHINGTON(8-2)
USC(7-1-1) BRIGHAM YOUNG(9-1)**

Now they save gas.

And at the regular price, too.

What's more, it's the same quality Pennzoil you've been using all along to protect your engine. Only now it saves gasoline—and in the weights people use most, 10W-30 and 10W-40.

Gas-saving Pennzoil. Now you don't have to pay extra to get extra miles. Ask for it.

Gas-saving Pennzoil

QUALITY IN EVERY EXTRA MILE





Of all the 35mm's in the world, only one has
the ease of automatic exposure, the creativity of push-button manual,
the quickness of 1/2,000 second and a complete system
to turn snapshooting into true photography.



PENTAX[®] ME SUPER

Skating out of the smog, palm trees and stifled yawns of Southern California, the Los Angeles Kings over the years have been prime examples of the harmful effects of beachfront living: all style and no substance. Sure, the Kings put a lot of goals on the scoreboard, but they maintained a freeway defense that led to late-season collapses and early exits from the Stanley Cup playoffs.

Now, however, the Kings have cast off the Future Is Yesterday program of their previous ownership and launched a three-year plan that started last July with a restructuring of their operation from top to bottom. The early results: for the first time L.A. has talent that is not only young, but productive and eager, too, and the Kings have the third-best record in the NHL. This heady turnabout has caused the club's neophyte owner, the flamboyant Dr. Jerry Buss, to stick a Kings bumper sticker on his baby blue Lincoln Continental limousine and to warn fans they should start thinking about making Stanley Cup reservations.

Finding a seat for hockey never has been a problem in L.A., which in 14 years has taken to the Kings with what might be termed bridled enthusiasm. Trouble was, the cold-front refugees among the local population weren't eager to support a loser. Says Gordon Franks of Santa Monica, a transplanted Canadian and a Kings season ticket-holder, "If you want to talk hockey here, you better be prepared to call long distance."

Buss' three-year plan was running well ahead of schedule even before the Kings ran off a 10-1-1 record in their first dozen games this season. After taking a crash course in hockey by studying game films with Los Angeles Coach Bob Berry, Buss, who bought the Kings along with the Lakers, The Forum and miscellaneous other properties from Jack Kent Cooke in May of 1979, went to work. He began to stockpile draft choices—not give them away, as the Kings had done over the years; he traded for veteran defensemen—Dave Lewis and Jerry Korab in particular—to stop the traffic jam in front of the Kings' goal; he signed scoring champion Marcel Dionne to the biggest

contract in NHL history—a six-year, \$3.6-million deal; he remedied the Kings' lack of depth by acquiring the services of veteran Center Garry Unger; he gave Berry a bevy of rinkside assistants; he organized a farm club in Houston and he redesigned L.A.'s uniforms.

The most significant change, though, was eliminating the Kings' graybeard image. Last season the Kings added rookies Dean Hopkins, Mark Hardy and Jay Wells, a player brash enough to date one of Buss' daughters; his teammates now call him "Dr. Wells." Last summer L.A. signed two first-round draft choices, Forward Jim Fox and Defenseman Larry Murphy, and a second-round selection,

Owner Jerry Buss has the L.A. Kings on the move with his unique bonus plan

A Buss ride to Hawaii?

Forward Greg Terrion, and all play regularly. In the 12 seasons before Buss owned the Kings, they had only one first-round pick, having traded the other 11.

While dealing himself a new hand, Buss was careful not to throw away his aces. The Kings' Triple Crown line of Dionne, Charlie Simmer and Dave Taylor was 1-2-3 in league scoring before Taylor suffered a shoulder injury two weeks ago; he will return this week.

Taylor's absence has again served to discredit the theory that the Triple Crown line should be dismantled to change the Kings from a one-trick pony. Last season when Simmer went out with a knee injury, the Kings had only two wins and a tie in their next 17 games and fans sang "Goodbye Berry." This year after Taylor's injury, L.A. lost four of five. "The sum of them together is greater than three hockey players," says Berry.

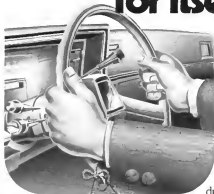
Simmer leads the NHL scoring race with 18 goals and 18 assists for 36 points. That's some accomplishment for a man who three years ago was without a team, after being released by the now-defunct Cleveland Barons. "It was sort of fend for yourself," recalls Simmer. "I decided

continued



In a scramble for the puck, the Canadians' Keith Acton attempts to make the Kings' Glenn Gouldup fold

How to get your hands on the small-car comfort option that helps pay for itself.



Reach for Tilt-Wheel! It's a nifty option that adds a measure of big-car comfort to General Motors small cars. And does it for a pittance. A mere \$81.00* on a 1981 GM car.

And Tilt-Wheel helps pay its own way! In fact, it returns up to \$75.00 at resale on the 1980 GM X-cars (according

to the latest Kelley Blue Book and N.A.D.A. Guide).

Just as important as value, is the comfort and convenience Tilt-Wheel provides.

Swing the steering wheel up and you slip in and out with ease. Click, click, click to any of six different driving positions and you've got the position that's right for you.

You can even adjust it while driving—for added comfort on those long, lonesome highways.

So go ahead, get your hands on Tilt-Wheel in your next new GM car. You may never want to let go. SAGINAW STEERING GEAR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price



Tilt-Wheel

It costs so little...
and does so much.



I'd go with anyone who wanted me." L.A. called. Simmer went—that is, to the Kings' farm club in Springfield, Mass.

Simmer remained there for a year and a half before finally joining L.A. in January of 1979. He scored at least one point in each of his first nine games as a King and put away his travel guide forever. Now Simmer lives in Manhattan Beach, a single man's idea of heaven, drives a reconditioned 1965 Corvette, roller-skates and plays volleyball, racquetball and golf. He seems to have adapted pretty well. Asked about his hometown of Terrace Bay, Ontario, Simmer says, "There's five feet of snow there now."

Simmer is 6' 3" and 200 pounds, and his style is to park himself in front of the net like an oversized bulldog; his chin is scarred from the sticks of players who have tried to move him out. Earlier this season he scored four goals in a game against the Islanders, and last season he set a modern NHL record by scoring at least one goal in 13 straight games.

Buss, a marketing whiz who likes to play Monopoly without a board, has instituted a sort of community chest, an incentive plan designed to get all the Kings to pull together. If the team amasses 88 points in the standings—a total they have exceeded only once in their 13 seasons—the players will be rewarded with an all-expenses-paid trip to Hawaii, presumably sometime after the Stanley Cup finals. Also, for every shutout, each player gets a \$200 gift certificate, while limiting the opposition to one goal is worth \$100 apiece. So far the Kings have had one shutout and two one-goal games. "It's like finding money," says Berry.

One King who relishes the new attitude is the 29-year-old Dionne, who is often applauded for his personal successes but has never been highly regarded as a team player, perhaps because his club has usually been a laggard.

Dionne was heading into his option year and briefly considered jumping to another team, but Buss convinced him to stay, as much with a guarantee that he would produce a winner as with the rich new contract. Of Buss, Dionne says, "He's given me life because he cares so much. It hurts to lose, knowing how much he hates it. At times I wish I could have about four arms and four legs."

In the past Dionne used to keep a schedule alongside his locker, and as each game was played he would mark off the date as a man in prison might. Now the



Dionne still scores—he got the hat trick against Montreal—but now he's a team man as well

schedule is gone. Last Wednesday after Montreal came into The Forum and beat L.A. 8-4, Dionne was snappish in the locker room even though he'd scored a hat trick. He groused about mistakes and generally was a none-too-subtle thorn in his teammates' sides.

The next day Berry put the Kings through a rigorous two-hour workout. "Punishment," Dionne called it. Five minutes before the trial by ice ended, Berry sent Dionne and a few others into the locker room early. The message was clear to those left behind.

When the rest of the team, tired, angry and a bit rebellious, went to the locker room, one of the late practitioners said derisively, "That was fun." Said another, addressing those who got off early, "Way to go, prima donnas."

On a TV set a video tape played and replayed Montreal's eight goals from the previous night. Mario Lessard, the goalkeeper who had given up the goals to the Canadiens, sat there somberly, his face chalk white.

"Do we have to look at this?" asked Hardy.

"Look at it, you might learn something," said Dionne.

"We can't all score hat tricks," Hardy muttered.

"Take a look at it," Dionne said, his arms spread in a gesture of despair.

"You do your job and I'll do mine," snapped Hardy.

Across the room, another King said in a mocking voice, "Is this the start of disension on the Kings?"

Although the Kings lost to St. Louis 5-3 on Saturday night, Buss was not discouraged, and the size of the crowd at The Forum—14,353—didn't hurt. "It's a long road," Buss said. "We're talking millions of dollars, not thousands. We're shooting to be up 30% in revenues each of the next three years. Then we'll be able to compete. Until then I'll just have to subsidize it."

Buss pointed out that the Canadiens probably outgrossed the Kings by \$3.5 million in each of the last seven years. "You give me \$25 million more than them and we'll beat Montreal," he said. Buss also said he thought it was a good sign that the players were pointing fingers in the dressing room. "They realize that with me it's, like, win."

It is also, like, no longer a country club. The ocean and sun and palm trees are all still there, but the Kings are a different team. They figure that when it comes to stretching out on the beach they'd rather it be in Hawaii.

Be cool, be fast, be champ

Dale Earnhardt won the NASCAR title by following his daddy's racing rules

Dale Earnhardt had a crowd with him wherever he went in Las Vegas last Saturday night. When he got bored by the Casino de Paris floor show at the Dunes hotel and headed for the casino, those in his entourage who bet only on sure things stuck with him like pigeons to a popcorn man. That afternoon at Ontario Motor Speedway in California, they had seen Earnhardt win the NASCAR championship despite doing just about everything he could to hand it to Cale Yarborough—from clipping the pit wall to getting disoriented on the backstretch to trying to haul a hydraulic jack around the track with him. They knew a man who was blessed when they saw one, and they wanted to get their chips down where his were.

Going into the Los Angeles Times 500, the final race of the Grand National stock car season, Earnhardt led Yarborough by a mere 29 points out of some 4,000. Over the last half of the 31-race season, Yarborough had steadily narrowed a gap that had been as wide as 230 points and, having won the two races before Ontario, was on a roll. What's more, Yarborough had the best car, he had been the fastest qualifier 13 times during the year, a NASCAR record. Earnhardt, by contrast, had not won a single pole position. Often his problem was horsepower. At some races his Monte Carlo just didn't have enough, which inspired Earnhardt—in his second full season on NASCAR's premier circuit—to show folks just how hard he could drive. "I'll tell you what makes that car



A NASCAR inspector tries to hold up Earnhardt on the pit stop that almost cost the championship

run," said David Ifft, crew chief for Benny Parsons, the driver who would win the Ontario race. "Dale Earnhardt makes that car run."

"He's been driving like a wild man to make up for a lack of horsepower all year. Been going into the corners deeper and just throwing it the rest of the way around. Thing is, he's good enough to get away with it."

Earnhardt himself is entirely nonchalant about his go-for-broke driving style. "That's what it's all about, isn't it?" he says with a shrug. He smiles when he hears that Yarborough has complained about Earnhardt's racing too close to him. "Well, what's ol' Cale been sayin' about me today?" he asks, cheerfully lacking reverence for the 40-year-old three-time NASCAR champion.

For all his aggressiveness on the track, Earnhardt is easygoing off it. At Ontario he would cruise through the garage area in his rumbling blue-and-yellow race car, slouched down like an East L.A. low-rider driver cruising Sunset Boulevard. With the 1980 championship on the line, was he nervous about having to fight

off a pack of hard-charging heroes like Yarborough, Richard Petty, Bobby Allison, et al? "I can't wait till that race starts," he said.

Well, maybe he was bred for such battles. His father was Ralph Earnhardt, one of the best-known and hardest-driving stock-car racers of the '50s. The elder Earnhardt died of a heart attack at 44 in 1973, two years after his 20-year-old son began driving small tracks in the Carolinas. Ralph Earnhardt had given Dale this advice, always sassy cool on the racetrack: "As a boy I remember standing on the tailgate of a pickup truck down in Columbia, watching my daddy race against David Pearson, Lee Petty, all of 'em. I come from where they been." Dale says.

Moments before he was to qualify at Ontario last Thursday, Earnhardt was cool enough to be dozing on the floor of his garage near the Monte Carlo as his crew hustled around him in last-minute preparation. When it was time to go to work, Earnhardt cracked open one eye, grinned a little and bounced up. Yarborough had already qualified at

continued

BLACK VELVET™ BLANDED CANADIAN WHISKY 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1993 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Feel the Velvet



Premium. Imported.

155.499 mph and was fastest so far. Earnhardt knew what he had to do: get around Ontario's 2.5 miles faster than Yarborough, and with a car that was most likely slower. "Cale's car is strong," Earnhardt admitted as he threw one leg into the window of the Monte Carlo. He paused. "But damn! I want to run faster than that son of a gun," he said as he got his other leg in and lowered himself into the form-fitting seat.

His crew stood at the end of pit row nervously fingering stopwatches as Earnhardt began his qualifying lap. Their eyes got bigger and their jaws slacker as he drove at full speed deeper and deeper into Turn One, well past the point where most drivers ease off the throttle. The car went blaaap as Earnhardt finally backed off, a full 50 yards farther into the turn than Yarborough. The rear end of the car twitched—"It was just trying to make up its mind which way it wanted to go," Earnhardt said later—and the exhaust bellowed as he floored it again leaving the turn. A whoop went up from the mechanics who had witnessed the charge, a cheer that clearly said there's nobody around driving stock cars like this man.

But Earnhardt's average was .644 mph slower than Yarborough's; he might even have gone too deep into the turn and thus been slower getting back up to top speed on the straight. Yarborough had won his 14th pole, his third in a row at Ontario. But Earnhardt, second fastest, would also be on the front row, door-to-door with his main rival. "Just where I want to be," he said with a smile.

It had taken more than Earnhardt's driving to get his team where it was. His crew's performance during the year was as impressive as his own—indeed, it was amazing. It is a relatively ragtag bunch, mostly young, mostly Californian, in a pursuit in which experience has seemed inseparable from success and in which speed secrets and



Yarborough had the horses but missed a fourth title

family secrets have often been one and the same. The outfit had been derailed in midseason by its chief, Jake Elder, who felt the rest of the crew was not only too green but also too laid-back.

When Elder departed, young Doug Richert became crew chief. Richert had worked as a mechanic on the team throughout his professional life. That meant he had been at it for all of four years—ever since he was 16. Hardly anyone gave Earnhardt much chance at the championship after Elder left. Richert against Junior Johnson, the legendary crew chief for Yarborough? A mismatch made in heaven for Yarborough.

But a funny thing happened after Richert took over. A common spirit developed; the crew became even more relaxed, yet more determined. "We had something to prove," says Richert. "We were supposed to fall on our butts, go down the tubes. We didn't. There was a lot of adrenaline flowing. We knew we could do the job."

Richert and his men not only proved something, but they also cracked a myth: that stock-car racing's secrets are buried decades deep. Says Earnhardt, "There are no deep, dark secrets. That's part of the old philosophy my daddy taught me: you prepare that race car the best you can, and you work hard and run hard and keep your damn composure about you, and it'll all work out."

So there they were, Earnhardt and Yarborough, side-by-side on the front row. Yarborough, not one to feather-foot under any condition—and certainly not with another championship just 500 miles away—was confident that a fourth NASCAR title was his. Only Richard Petty, with seven, had ever won more. Petty would be starting three rows behind him. "Ah b'lieve ah'm going to win it," Yarborough would say.

Shortly before the start, Yarborough approached Earnhardt. It was the first time they had spoken all week. "Use your head," Yarborough said. "The both of us." Earnhardt replied. On the backstretch, as the cars burbled along slowly

on the pace lap, Earnhardt looked over and saw Yarborough looking back at him, giving him the thumbs-up sign, wishing him a good race.

For 365 of the 500 miles it was anything but a good race for Earnhardt. He began fading shortly after the start. There were 30- to 40-mph gusts blowing across the track, upsetting his car's handling, and he didn't have the horsepower to make up the difference. Yarborough stayed with the front pack, pulling

continued



Earnhardt (2) stayed bumper-to-bumper with Yarborough (11) for much of the race

©1995 B&W T Co.

Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, 100's, 0 mg. "tar",
0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



99% tar free.™

Kings, 100's

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Simple evolution.
The
Honda Civic has
grown a trunk.



If the silver car in our picture appears familiar, it should.

It's a Honda Civic. But now it's grown a trunk and two rear doors.

Plus a lot of other simple features that you would expect to find in a comfortable and roomy sedan.

THE HONDA CIVIC 4-DOOR SEDAN.

With seats so comfortable they would be more at home in your living room, our newest Civic is a true sedan in every sense.

The velvet-like fabric is soft to the touch. While the plush carpeting extending up onto the lower door panels is a nice touch, too.

You'll feel equally comfortable at the steering wheel. Car and Driver magazine said it's better made than your average Mercedes wheel.

A quartz digital clock, tachometer and even a remote trunk release will give you some idea of the kind of attention to detail that has gone into the building of this car.

SOME SIMPLE ENGINEERING FACTS.

Naturally, being a Honda, the new Civic Sedan has front-wheel drive and a transverse-mounted 1500 CVCC* engine.

Available with a 5-speed gearbox or the optional 3-speed automatic transmission, this car is also a lot of fun to drive.

Due in part to the rack and pinion steering and 4-wheel independent suspension.

INCREDIBLE GAS MILEAGE.

STILL A CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY.

With 5-speed, a gallon of gas takes you an EPA estimated **34** miles and 44 highway.

Use 34 mpg for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. And figures for California and high altitude areas will be lower.

Nevertheless, the Civic Sedan will give you gas mileage that's among the best in its class.

And that makes it simple evolution you'll easily adapt to.

HONDA

We make it simple.



"Puerto Rican white rum makes a smoother dry martini than gin or vodka."



"We consider our Puerto Rican white rum martini a classic."

Equestrian trainer Hector Gandaz and his wife, artist Janet D'Esopo

The white rum martini is every bit as crisp and dry as the gin or vodka variety. Yet it possesses a smooth refinement the others lack.

White rum also makes decidedly smoother drinks mixed with tonic or soda, or in Bloody Marys.

All because every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year by law. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

Hint: Some bartenders maintain that the crispest white rum martinis are shaken instead of stirred.

Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional dryness and punity. No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS
Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free, Light Rums of Puerto Rico, recipes
write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. 1-17
1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10019
©1980 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico



five, 10, 20 seconds away from Earnhardt.

It got worse for Earnhardt before it got better. On Lap 69 a yellow caution flag came out, and Earnhardt and his crew miscalculated their position relative to the leader. He pitted for fuel too soon and lost a lap. In sixth position and needing fifth to assure himself of the championship, Earnhardt tried desperately to get back on the same lap with the leaders through the middle of the race. Twice he had excellent opportunities, but couldn't make it. Meanwhile, Yarborough kept circling the course near or in the lead. Earnhardt looked a loser.

Then, on Lap 145 the breaks started coming. Darrell Waltrip blew his engine, moving Earnhardt into fifth, his sanctuary. Six laps later there was another yellow flag after a spin, and when the green came back out, Earnhardt made a move that atoned for his earlier mistake and most likely saved the championship for him. As the field rounded Turn Four under the yellow, he broke out of the pack and, at the moment the green flag fell, passed four cars and then blew past a surprised Yarborough, the leader, to unlap himself.

Then came another stroke of good luck for Earnhardt. The yellow flag came out again, which by NASCAR's rules allowed him to speed around to the back of the pack and make up the lap he had lost. When the cars resumed racing speed on Lap 156, Earnhardt again smoked past Yarborough and found himself in the lead for the first time. "I was ready, and they weren't," he said later.

Yarborough repassed Earnhardt, and a fine duel was under way. Earnhardt put his car inches from Yarborough's rear bumper as they flashed through lap after lap in a two-car convoy. He had Yarborough exactly where he wanted him, squarely in his sights and in a position in which the draft created by Yarborough's car would allow Earnhardt to stay with his rival despite the horsepower deficiency.

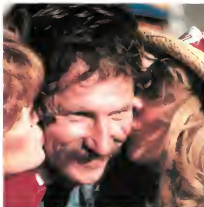
All he had to do to clinch the championship was hang in there. But then he momentarily forgot what his daddy had taught him. When he came in for his final scheduled pit stop, he lost his damn composure. There's no other way to put it. First he slid into his own pit wall, scattering his crew. Then, while they were trying to change the right rear tire, he tore out of the pit with the car still up on

the jack. A NASCAR inspector tried to stop him, fearing that the wheel the crew had begun to change would work itself loose and come spinning off under the stress of a 170-mph sprint to the finish line. The stunned crew ran around in circles. The tire they never got the chance to change was down to the cord. A black flag came out for Earnhardt, forcing him to come into the pits once more to put on the three lag nuts that had been left behind when he rushed out of the pits.

The guys in the crew held their breath as they looked toward the scoreboard to see just how many positions the mental lapse had lost. There came a collective sigh of relief when they saw that Earnhardt was fifth. Now they knew their driver had the championship, if by the skin of his teeth—and that they would win the Sears Craftsman pit crew championship, a title earned by a crew's car spending the least amount of time in the pits in 10 selected races during the season. The Earnhardt gang beat its closest rivals—which happened to be Yarborough's crew, commanded by Johnson—by five points.

Meanwhile, Yarborough had been passed by Parsons, who sped away to win by 6.3 seconds. Because Parsons will be replaced on the M.C. Anderson Chevrolet team by Yarborough next season and was thus out of a job the moment he crossed the finish line, it was a particularly satisfying victory. Neil Bonnett passed Yarborough on the last lap, pushing him back to third place. Yarborough, who has decided to enter fewer races from now on, knew that this had been his last real chance for a fourth championship. After the race he closed his garage door behind him, so he could be alone with his disappointment.

Earnhardt, meanwhile, had got the message. "Let's go to Vegas," he said fol-



Earnhardt's fifth place finish won him the crown and kisses.



Parsons won the race but lost his job—for the time being.

lowing the race. The luck that had been with him in California was still there when he got to Nevada. After he won \$290 at blackjack, Earnhardt went at the slots. A few cranks later, three oranges came flipping into the windows and 100 silver dollars came clattering into the tray. At that moment Earnhardt looked very damn composed.

END

Ride in the heat long enough, with the old truck lumbering axle-deep in warm mud, and your eyes start to deceive you. Brilliant dragonflies begin to look hawk-sized and the vultures soaring in the brassy skies over Colombia turn to massed hang gliders. The city of Cartagena and its Caribbean breezes have been left 40 miles behind on the north coast, and you are deep in the savanna, with patches of sugarcane and clumps of banana trees in the grassland and the swamps of the Magdalena River valley. There are four more miles to go, half an hour's travel along this grotesque track, to the village of Palenque, more properly Palenque de San Basilio, and the extraordinary people who live there.

But getting to Palenque seems less likely every minute. Deep sloughs of chocolate mud abruptly give way to acute ups and downs over naked rock, and there is one terrifying bridge over a ravine, a lash-up of steel pipes and logs, that makes you close your eyes. The mud is the worst enemy, though. Even in four-wheel drive, the truck slithers and spins, sometimes stopping altogether, so that the passengers crammed into the open rear must clamber down to give it a chance to back out and try again.

This enrages one of the riders in particular, a small, lithe man as deeply black as his companions but standing out from their manifest poverty by reason of his expensively embroidered shirt and his elegantly polished shoes. Speaking corrosive Spanish-Creole, gesturing emphatically, he

continued

Cradle of Champions

Fighting is a way of life in Palenque, Colombia, a village of 3,000 whose heritage now includes three world champions

by Clive Gammon





Cradle of Champions

continued

makes it clear that this ridiculous track is an insult to himself, to his neighbors and to Palenque.

En garde, Your Excellency the Governor of the State of Bolívar! Have a care. O President of the Republic! Not for the first time, Palenque is on the warpath, and now it is led by the Kid—who on his birth certificate is Antonio Cervantes but, now and forever in Latin America, is Kid Pambelé.

Women and girls duke it out in the creek, except on holidays when their bouts take place in town.

It was he who, but for a short spell in 1976, held the WBA world junior welterweight title from 1972 until last August, when Aaron Pryor of Cincinnati took it from him. At that time the Kid was 34—going on 40, people freely said. He had had a glorious career—84 wins in 96 bouts since 1964, 40 of them by knockout—maybe the best 140-pound record of all time. But now (though inevitably he talks of one more *bolso*, one more big payday before he hangs up his gloves) the next trophy he seeks is a real road, a good road, for his beloved Palenque, his hometown.

Into which eventually, miraculously, the truck rolls, finally stopping in the dirt plaza. Your eyes must be playing tricks again, because this seems to be West Africa, not South America. The equatorial sun beats down on children playing in the dust, black, naked children with the pot bellies and the reddish tinge to their hair that come from a poor diet. The huts are mud-daubed on a frame of bamboo, with thatched roofs, and the womenfolk sit in the shade of the doorways. But this cannot be Africa after all, because a handful of men, silent, no glasses in their hands, sit on the steps of a shack with a sign that reads *Tienda de los pobres. The Store of the Poor Ones.*

Skeletal dogs, chickens, prebald piglets roam in the heat. Passivity and poverty seem to rule, life passing slowly amid dirt and sunshine.

It would be difficult to be more wrong. Leave the people for a moment to let them wake up to the presence of Pambelé, their champion. Walk over to the Church of Saint Basil, where there is the first hint of Palenque's unique heritage, although the walls are almost bare and there isn't a single chair in the place.



There is, however, a tall, handsomely painted wooden image of Saint Basil (and another of a woman next to him—his wife—because the Palenqueros think it would be a shame for even a saint who formulated many of the rules for monastic life to be lonely). In Saint Basil's hand is a little house, which, say the villagers, contains blessings he will one day vouchsafe to them. One of Saint Basil's presumed blessings is right there beside the statue, sharing pride of place with a crucifix. It is the golden trophy that Kid Pambelé brought home from Panama City in 1972 when he defeated Alfonso Frazier for the junior welterweight title. And nearby it on the wall is a bed sheet on which a poem in Spanish has been lettered with loving care by one of the nuns who visit the village from time to time.

*No se puedo sepultar la vida,
No se puedo sepultar a un pueblo
Que busca la libertad
Como estrellas siempre brillaron
Porque aun muertos seguieron
viviendo
Porque el pueblo nace cada día*

*You cannot bury life.
You cannot bury a town.
Follow freedom, that shines
constantly like the stars.
Then, even though death follows
living,
The town is born again each day.*

Between trophy and poem is a connection that goes back almost four centuries. The history of Palenque, scarcely known outside Colombia, perhaps not even outside Bolívar Province, is that of a long battle for freedom unparalleled in the Americas.

But consider a smaller story first. In the last decade, from this community of fewer than 3,000 people have come three world boxing champions. Kid Pambelé himself; Rodrigo Valdes, who held both the WBC and WBA middleweight crowns at various times between 1974 and 1978; and Ricardo Cardona, who won the WBA junior featherweight title in 1976, lost it this year to Leo Randolph, and is in training to regain it.

How, from the dust and poverty of this village, an entirely black settlement in a predominantly white and Indian nation,

could such an achievement possibly have come about? Certainly there is a well-attested link between hunger and boxing titles, but almost invariably it is a big-city phenomenon. The crowded ghetto is where the maute scout seeks out promising fighters—in the rings of settlement houses and in recreation halls. But Palenque?

For the beginning of an explanation, one must return to the lifeless plaza sweltering in the heat. The people of Palenque have been working since dawn with the crops and the cattle and this is the noonday pause. Soon they will come to life again. Meanwhile, remember the poem and its cry for freedom and prepare yourself for something more astonishing even than the troika of champions.

Almost two centuries before the U.S. declared its independence from England, even longer before the Latin American republics broke from Spain, Palenque was a free, self-gov- *continued*

Boys from different "cuescos" will fight at the drop of an insult, but usually without lasting malice.



Cradle of Champions

continued



erning community, existing precariously, but surviving nonetheless by means of unremitting guerrilla warfare against the Spaniards in their fortress-city of Cartagena. *Primer pueblo libre de América* (the first free town in the Americas) is the title claimed for Palenque by the Colombian historian Roberto Arráola.

The ancestors of the people now living in the village were slaves, shipped from Guinea in West Africa around 1540 to Cartagena, then the principal slave port of Spanish America. Their early history is misty, but certainly by 1580 sporadic rebellions had taken place, and in 1599 the biggest, most purposeful of these uprisings ended with the establishment, deep in the bush, of free Palenque. In Spanish-Creole the name means "Fortress."

And a fortress it had to be. The first big Spanish expedition against the Palenqueros was launched in 1603, against what Cartagena was calling "this rebellious and terrorist power." The Spaniards came clanking through the rain forest in their heavy armor, and they were beaten back. For two centuries they continued to be beaten back as, raiding and burning, the black guerrillas launched hit-and-run counterattacks.

So successful were the Palenquero warriors that in 1621 the Spaniards ac-

tually signed a peace treaty with them, allowing them to come and go freely in Cartagena itself. The treaty didn't last, of course. By the end of the century the governor of the province was offering a bounty on black heads, those heads to be ceremonially spiked in the main plaza of Cartagena while from the great cathedral the *Te Deum* rang out.

Nevertheless, Palenque survived, and in the end it was economics, not military might, that brought the community into what in 1886 had become the Republic of Colombia. By then, slavery no longer paid. Little by little, white landowners moved inland. They employed most of the Palenqueros, who are a tall people, with six-footers common, as low-wage workers.

Territorially, present-day Palenque is only a fraction of what it once was, but in many ways its battle still goes on. Until recently, at the point where the road to the village branches off from the main road, there was a billboard, set up by a soft-drink company, which displayed a menacing Kid Pambelé and the legend, in Spanish, **PALENQUE, CRADLE OF WORLD CHAMPIONS**. Nearby, however, was a white village which the Palenqueros call Malagania, the Bad Feelings town, and the billboard was soon defaced with black paint, then torn down. To this day in white Cartagena and its environs, Palenqueros are regarded as bad news, a low form of life.

Which is one of the reasons why Pambelé feels so deeply the need to fight for his village. On this particular day, indeed, he had postponed a morning meeting with the governor of Cartagena and canceled an afternoon business flight to Barranquilla—thereby condemning himself to a six-hour bus ride later that evening. He wanted to acquaint some visitors from the U.S. with his village, the hut he was born in, the problems his people had, hoping that the visitors would add their voices to his. He had begun speaking out in 1972, from the moment he won his title.

At that time the Colombian government, bursting with pride over the country's first world champion, asked Pambelé if there was anything he might want. "Light for my people," he declared. Two years later electricity came to Palenque. But the champ had to wait four more years for his next triumph—piped water.

continued

Palenque's trio of former world champions: Junior featherweight Ricardo Cardona (top), middleweight Rodrigo Valdes and junior welterweight Kid Pambelé, the object of much youthful worship





THE SCIROCCO THAT WON JOHNNY RUTHERFORD.

Johnny Rutherford makes his living by driving over 200 miles an hour in a Champ that costs a quarter of a million dollars. He's won more races than you can shake a checked flag at, including three firsts in the Indy 500.

Out of all the high performance cars there are in this world, the sports car he chose was the Volkswagen Scirocco. How come, J.R.?

"Because the Scirocco's overhead cam engine and front-wheel drive, along with excellent aerodynamics give it speed, performance, and believe it or not...terrific fuel economy" (EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 mpg highway estimate. Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Mpg varies with speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be less.)

"Whoever engineered this car did one heck of a job putting the power, handling, steering, comfort and braking all in just the right balance.

"Sure there are more powerful sports cars around but who needs them on the highway or in downtown Indianapolis. My Scirocco is plenty of car for me. All in all, it's a winner. And that's important.

"Because nobody ever remembers who finished second."

J.R., we couldn't have said it better ourselves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



Cradle of Champions

continued

And now he was fighting for a road. "Apart from anything else," he said seriously, "the women have to walk along it at night, coming home from selling their fruit. With those rocks and the mud, they cannot watch out for snakes."

Pambele's arrival back in the village had put an end to *siesta* time. The first to close in on him were the motherly ladies of the town, hushing the piglets away, scattering the kids, hugging him, checking him out critically. "You look thin, Pambele," they cried. "Look how thin his legs are! Please eat properly, Pambele!" Then the kids squiggled through the cluster of elders, escorting Pambele down the road to see how his new house was getting on.

In his prime years Pambele had made and kept enough money to live in style, to push his deprived boyhood in Palenque into a corner of his mind, but he wanted that. He owns a new house in Cartagena, a fruit farm outside the city and apartments in Boca Grande, and he regularly invests in Latin American boxing promotions. Now, however, Pambele was building a home in Palenque. He was spending so much time there, he said, it was the only thing to do. And where else would he find such good friends as his old comrades of *Los Estrellitos de Palenque*?

The Little Stars of Palenque, who could they be? Ah, now we are closing in on the secret of the village: its secret of

survival, and the secret of those world titles. The Little Stars are what Palenqueros call a *cuadro* ("cadre" is the nearest English equivalent), a group of boys, 15 to 20 in number, all of an age, who came together when they were very young and have remained together, practicing fighting among themselves and boxing against other village cuadros. The girls have similar groups, *cuadrillas*, and they box also, though the sexes never meet in combat. In spite of the colorful names they bear and the insignia they sometimes adopt, the cuadros are light-years away from being street gangs, *West Side Story*-style. Members of different cuadros will fight in the streets freely enough, but never to the menace of life, never with territory in mind, and only with fists.

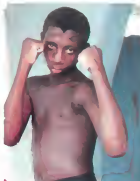
The cuadros of Palenque arose from the military society that the villagers had performed developed in their bloody wars against the Spaniards. The community became a kind of Afro-American Sparta. As soon as they could walk, boys and girls were trained in the martial arts, forming groups structured by age for the purpose. Weaponry, of course, died out long ago, but fist-fighting and the cuadros have survived. As has the tight-knit comradeship they inspire. Kid Pambele will be a Little Star until the time when those that remain of his cuadro will mourn his passing to the beat of drums during the prescribed *tribe*-day wake.

"The cuadros are straight out of Afro-

ca," Nina de Friedemann will tell you. "You get the same thing with the Turkas and the Nindis in Kenya, the Kari-moyong in Uganda." If anyone should know, it is de Friedemann, a Colombian anthropologist of international repute, who was a Fulbright scholar at the University of Alabama last year. She is a small, animated woman of 45 to whom laughter comes easily. She is something of a rebel among her fellow Colombian anthropologists, who rarely concern themselves with the black segment of their country, preferring instead to study the indigenous Indians. That concentration makes de Friedemann angry. "Colombia was not just made by the whites and the Indians," she says spiritedly. "The great fortresses of Cartagena were put up by the blacks, stone by stone." For five years de Friedemann has studied Palenque and its unique culture. Winning acceptance by the Palenqueros was a considerable feat. Though they are not overly hostile to whites, they are inclined to be silent in their presence or to withdraw into their houses.

But de Friedemann gets a Pambele-style welcome when she comes to town. "Hey, Ninita!" the villagers call, and she is hugged with pleasure. Anyone in her company is given the same reception.

She is a little puzzled when you remark on the seeming miracle of three world champion boxers having come from such a small community. "But of course



Boys like these have joined cuadros — Windstorm, Little Moths — for centuries, but only recently has secondhand boxing equipment become available



**There are more expensive cars we insure.
But none more important.**

For some people, cars are a status symbol. For others, something a lot simpler, such as a means of getting the kids off to school or the groceries home from the market.

As the first insurance company to insure the automobile in 1897, The Travelers has insured tens of millions of cars. And we've become one of the largest insurers of commercial fleets.

This experience, though, as well as things like our 24-hour claims Hot Line staffed by claims experts, is available whether you drive one car or supervise hundreds.

You can get in touch with an independent Travelers agent by checking the Yellow Pages.

At The Travelers, we believe that our concern for you as an individual is one of the important reasons why we are one of the world's largest insurance companies.



THE TRAVELERS

We offer life, health, auto, and homeowners insurance and mutual funds and variable annuities for individuals, and virtually all forms of insurance for businesses. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, Travelers Equities Sales Inc., and other Affiliated Companies of The Travelers Corporation, Hartford, Connecticut 06185

Cradle of Champions

continued

course," she says impatiently, "this is a society perfectly contrived for it. A micro-society," she corrects herself, "that has come to revolve around boxing." She is not herself deeply interested in world boxing titles, but she readily provides a historical explanation for that phenomenon. "These people have had almost four centuries to learn distrust," she says. "In their minds they're still guerrillas. Defense is everything to them, and to defend you must attack."

She continues: "When you go back to Cartagena, look at the Palenquero women who sell fruit on the beach. If there's trouble, and there often is when white Cartagenans make slighting remarks, watch how the women react. They don't yield an inch of ground. Their voices drop down the register to a frightening growl. They're never intimidated. No slave mentality there. These women are fighters. Come, I'll show you how they train."

At the far end of the village, a swift creek flows between muddy banks. Until the piped water came in '78, this was Palenque's drinking supply, its laundry, the bathing area for its women and children—this area of the creek was off limits



In Saint Basil's, Kid Pambelli's title trophy shares pride of place.

to all adult males. On the creek banks, women fought at times, and small girls learned the ritual of insult and fistfight. When the government water started to flow, de Friedemann believes, the ritual began to erode. But recently, when the main water pump failed and no one seemed in a hurry to fix it, the women

were back at the creek again, as if nothing had changed.

When the visitors to Palenque went down to the creek, a fierce lady standing knee-deep in the water started to give them the rough edge of her tongue for their intrusion. She was making plain signals that she might take the matter further when she noticed that the visitors were under Ninita's protection.

She moved away, her indignation still plain, but other Palenquero females stayed put—little girls sent to fetch water, mothers sluicing down their infants with water from big jars. "Watch the kid in the red-and-white-check frock," de Friedemann said, "and the other one in the pink."

To get clear drinking water you dig a hole with your hands in a gravel shoal so that it fills nicely with well-filtered water. And once you have dug a hole, you protect it.

The defending champion, in pink, was Gertrudis Cassiani, nine. In red and white, in the other corner, the challenger, Antonia Rosada, 10. "They'll talk first, it's a ritual," de Friedemann said. "I could tell you what they will say already, but I'll translate."

"Give me that waterhole. It is my right."—ANTONIA.

"It is my water. I was here first."—GERTRUDIS.

The voices got lower and rougher. "The ritual is in the tone of the voice as well," Nina whispered. But it doesn't end there.

Out of nowhere, a straight left whistled to Antonia's ear, and the fight was on. There was no screaming, no scratching, no wrestling. It was a formalized fist duel, the little arms going like pistons. The bout was over quickly. Seemingly, no damage had been done, and soon Antonia was contentedly digging her own hole, not a difficult task. "They are learning to survive for when they leave the village and meet strangers," de Friedemann said.

Still, fighting among the women of Palenque grows rarer, though an attempt five years ago by a police inspector from Car-

continued

Anthropologist Nive de Friedemann became a friend to the village while studying its proud history.



A third less tar than the leading filter 85



Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	10 mg. tar 0.8 mg. nic.
Leading filter 85	16 mg. tar 1 mg. nic.
Lowest brand less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.	



PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

10 mg. tar, 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Cradle of Champions

continued



Palenque's hopes for another world title rest with 16-year-old super flyweight Heriberto Torres

tagna to put an absolute stop to it failed ignominiously. The ladies just paid their 50-peso (about \$1) fines and kept at it. Most fights originate at the creek, and they can be savage affairs that include kicking and mud-throwing. Formal bare-knuckle women's fights are still staged at Easter and Christmas. "Amongst the women, just as amongst the men, fist-fighting is a cultural mandate," de Friedemann says in her anthropologist's way.

All the same, not all of Palenque's women obey it. Daisa Salas is a handsome girl of 22 who left the village to train as a nurse and now is back working at a small clinic, which a doctor from Cartagena visits twice a week. "Last Easter," she says disapprovingly, "the streets were swarming with girls, big and little, all dressed in bright frocks, and it looked like a huge rainbow ready to fight, with fists sticking out of it. I never fought my-

self," Salas allows, though, that she has never been condemned or even teased because of her noncombative stance. She says the same ethic applies to boys. Those who do not wish to fight aren't harassed. They suffer no sanctions in everyday life.

"A strange people," de Friedemann says. "You know, after four centuries here they still complain about the heat. Carry those huge colored handkerchiefs around to mop their brows."

Ten years ago, the village culture almost took a U-turn when many of the kids decided they would be movie stars rather than boxers. That was when Marlon Brando arrived to shoot a film called *Burn*. It had to do with a slave rebellion, and Evaristo Marquez, a Palenquero, was a co-star. But the whole thing was a nine-day wonder. Marquez spent his money on rum and the village got nothing.

Two years later Kid Pumbele won his championship, and the Kid made a far better hero than Brando. Many, maybe most, of the village homes boast a picture of him, usually set only a little below one of Christ or the Virgin and well above those of Dr. Julio Cesar Turbay Ayala, the president of the Republic, and Simón Bolívar, the liberator of Colombia.

So there are no would-be movie stars in Palenque now, and no shortage of small boys who dream that one day, preferably on June 14, the feast of Saint Basil, they will emulate the Kid and carry a world championship trophy in procession to the church and place it on the altar. However, it looks as if, in the fu-



Celia Castaños promotes bouts in her corral, at \$2 for an afternoon's card



Don Fermín, 75, was the first Palenquero to discover modern prizefighting

ture, the route to a tide will not be via the traditional cuadro structure but by more conventional methods.

The road into Palenque may be dreadful, but the village is no longer as remote as it once was. As the reputation of its fighters spreads, promoters, not only from Cartagena but from Venezuela, are willing to risk the ride. More and more boxing equipment, though it is still pitifully scarce, is finding its way into the village. And among the older boys there is a sense of shame about the cuadro system. Although it has served Palenque well for centuries, it is now coming to be regarded as somehow backward, something that should be swept out of the way of progress.

Even so, at three in the afternoon, when the sun has lost some of its intensity and it's time for boxing practice, you can still meet a few lovers of tradition, a few conservatives who cling to the old order. They will be on their way to Celia Casseres' cattle corral—males still proud of their cuadro membership, who despise gloves and rings and a referee calling "Time!"

Two such, encountered on the street on the way to Celia's place, were Perfecto Cassiani, 11, and Eberto Cassiani, 10 (they aren't related; Cassiani is a common name in Palenque). Both were proud to be members of the cuadro of the Boquerones (the Little Mouths) and both were happy to make their position clear.

"I want to fight the Estrellas," Eberto said.

"I want to fight anybody I see," said Perfecto.

Whereupon, there being no Estrellas around, the pair went at each other in a whirlwind of fists, and suddenly it occurred to the observer that this is just what old boxing writers of the bare-knuckle era meant by "milling." No attempt at defense on either side, only a furious, rhythmic two-fisted onslaught, as nonstop, as mechanically flailing as, well, a mill.

Nothing of this, though, impressed by-standers Natividad Perez and Jesus Mati,

who are three or four years senior to the milling pair.

"These two are well-known street fighters," Natividad sniffed.

"I am not in a cuadro," Jesus said. "We are not making them anymore. Our trainer said we must not fight in the street."

"I hate to fight in the street," said Natividad. "These boys fight too hard, like they are fighting to kill."

And, indeed, Perfecto had an inch-long scar over his right eye. A boxing in-

total of \$2 in pass-the-hat proceeds for the promotion.

In minutes the stockade became a whirl of activity. Tiny boys, unmindful of the action in the ring, milled, spurred and flung themselves kamikaze-style at a woebegone bag that hung from a mango tree and slowly leaked its stuffing. Jesus and Natividad, the purists, worked out solemnly, one jogging rhythmically on an old tire, the other skipping with a frayed and knotted rope.

In the ring, two youths, 17 or 18 years



Palenque is near the state capital of Cartagena, but centuries of animosity have left the village virtually isolated

jury? "Nah," Perfecto said. "My cousin threw a rock at me."

By then the fury of the younger boys had spent itself, and together, chattering happily, they continued on to Celia's corral. There a rugged hemp rope was passed around some trees to form a ring, and the yard was cleared of pigs, turkeys and ducklings. Celia turned out to be a lined, battered-looking woman ("My God, the fight she got herself into last week!" said Dilsa the nurse). She received a grand

old, fought with some style. Cutting in now and then to instruct them was Alessandro Herrera, Palenque's official trainer, the man who is most against cuadros and street fighting. By Palenque standards, he was dressed in the height of fashion: embroidered shirt, pressed pants, lace-up shoes. "Tiempo!" he called suddenly, and the fighters instantly quit.

Until recently, de Friedemann said, rounds had been signaled by someone

continued

Cradle of Champions

continued

whacking an old tin can with a stick. And she had noticed something else new: the young boxers had appeared wearing protective headgear. The headgear was fourth-hand, to be sure, but it represented yet another stage in the evolution of Palenque's fighting tradition from guerrilla warfare to the sophistication of modern boxing.

Should that evolution be deplored? Accepted as inevitable? The *cuadros* and their defiant names dying out, *La Gente Brava* (the Brave People), *Vendaval* (the Windstorm), passing into history like the bugle calls of a cavalry brigade?

Most Palenqueros have few regrets, including the latest of its title winners, Ricardo Cardona. At present Cardona is in Miami, where in a bout last Friday he stopped Ralph Barrios in the first round. That impressive victory should give him another shot at a title bout and the chance to regain the WBA junior featherweight crown he won in '76. Like Pambelé, Cardona speaks in a heavy, melancholy Creole tone when Palenque is mentioned. "Mi cuna [my cradle]," he said, "I owe everything to my village."

Palenque, sí, *cuadros*, no. "I was always independent," Cardona says, "never in a *cuadro*. I think it is fine that Alejandro wants to take the fights off the streets and put them in the gym. That is the way for fighters to learn." When he retires, Cardona says, he would like to participate, to help Alejandro in the village.

That last sentiment isn't shared by Rodrigo Valdes, the third Palenque world champion. Valdes—"Rocky," he signs himself—is 33 now, and you can find him hanging out most days in the Mercado de San Andresito, a street market in a rough section of Cartagena. There, it is said, you can buy all manner of smuggled goods. You enter, if you are sensible, without your wallet or your watch. "At the moment," Valdes said recently, "I'm not doing much, just playing some soccer, seeing my friends. End of November I have a fight with some Dominican; I don't remember his name. Uh, I'd like to take a shot at Antuoferno."

Rocky Valdes was a fine middleweight (61-7-2) who had the misfortune to be around when the incomparable Carlos Monzon was lordling it over the division. Nevertheless, he held the WBC title from '74 to '76, when Monzon took it from him to add to his WBA crown, and when the Argentinian retired in '77, Valdes inherited both. He had only one gear, people said—top—and that smoking. Fighting that way twice against Monzon in long, bloody battles, he sacrificed himself on the Argentinian's fists. When he lost both titles in the spring of '78 to another Argentinian, Hugo Corro, he was almost a burned-out case.

And now Valdes doesn't wish to know about Palenque. "Pambelé inviní me once," he said, "but I didn't go." At times Valdes says he was born in Cartagena, at others that he doesn't know where he was born, that he was an orphan brought up in Gesemani, a poor quarter of Cartagena, where many migrant Palenqueros live.

But according to Pambelé and just about everybody else, Valdes was born in the tiny village of Rocha, a kind of satellite of Palenque, where members of the

Valdes family traditionally provide the drummers who attend all Palenquero funerals. "I grew up among Palenqueros," is as far as Valdes is willing to go. That, and the classic "I have a lot of close friends in Palenque."

Back in that village, de Friedemann confessed that in spite of her presumed neutral status as an anthropologist, she always brought gifts of boxing gloves when she visited because the kids pleaded for them so desperately. "Really, though," she said in extenuation, "it's almost 50 years since the first Palenquero wore gloves." And to prove it, she left Celia's corral, walked 200 yards down the street and made another introduction.

World champions notwithstanding, if one needed a single symbolic figure to convey Palenque's dark and bloody struggle, its indomitable spirit, one would choose Don Fermin Herrera. He is 75 now, but massive-chested and upright. Unofficially but unmistakably, he is Palenque's leader.

In 1926, when he was in his 20s, Herrera had walked the 200 miles to Guacamayal in Magdalena Province on the coast to find work in the banana plantations of the United Fruit Company—"The Company," he calls it, as if it were the only one in the world. "I was so poor," he recalled, "that I had only strength to scratch one ear." All the same, though, he said he had many fights in Guacamayal. Mostly they were in the streets, but five times he fought professionally as a middleweight. "I fought as 'Charlito,'" he said (Charlito is how the Colombians describe shoes that are black and ultra-shiny), "and I only lost once. My biggest purse was when I beat a man called Pabiche, from Barranquilla, 25 pesos. Don't laugh!" he said. "You could buy 10 head of cattle for that then! I didn't, though." Don Fermin added sheepishly, "I had fun."

Which came to an end abruptly in 1936, when the banana workers struck against the Company and the soldiers opened fire on them. "I saw 30 dead men when the army killed



Pambelé now is fighting for a paved road to replace this horror.

continued

TRIUMPH

"NOTHING LESS THAN THE REINVENTION OF THE SPORTS CAR."

CAR AND DRIVER, AUGUST 1980



"JRT... has produced an automobile that the doom-and-gloom bunch has been telling us we can't have anymore—a car that's fun to drive, a car that's fast and nimble."
MOTOR TREND, JUNE 1980

"Just when it seemed as though we would never again see another mass-produced, lusty-hearted convertible sports car, here comes the Triumph TR8."
ROAD & TRACK, JUNE 1980

"The TR8 reminds us of what a sports car should be: a 2-seat open-to-the-air exercise in vehicle performance."
MOTOR TREND, JUNE 1980

"The TR8 is about the only automobile of its kind you can get without having to mortgage the family farm."
MOTOR TREND, JUNE 1980

"It feels and sounds like a small-block V-8 should: sensuous. And it is real competition for the 225-horsepower 350 cubic-inch LB2 Corvette."
SPORTS CAR GRAPHIC, JUNE-JULY 1980

"The TR8 accelerates quickly through the gears and will smoke the tires off the line when asked."
MOTOR TREND, JUNE 1980

"In a time when most cars are dull, the TR8 is pure automotive enjoyment."
SPORTS CAR GRAPHIC, JUNE-JULY 1980

Best new sports car of 1980
ROAD TEST, JULY 1980

"...this car probably represents the best sports car buy today."
SPORTS CAR GRAPHIC, JUNE-JULY 1980

Test drive the incredibly responsive TR8 today. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700 or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.
Jaguar Rover Triumph Inc. Leona, N.J. 07605



**Score
another
point with
Jose Hess.**

AVAILABLE AT

Norman Allan & Son
30400 Telegraph Rd. Suite 134
Birmingham, AL 35200

Nick Boles
737 Senior St.
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Boone & Sons, Inc.
2 Locust
Chevy Chase, MD
Washington, DC

Carl's House of Silver
80 West Prairie Avenue
Englewood, NJ 07631

Diamond Jewelers
2 Locust
Woburn, Mass.
Methuen, Mass.

the people," Don Fermín recalled. "The first of them was my friend Erasmus Coronel, the leader of the strike." Herrera fled home, back to the fastness of Palenque, and prospered. Three hundred head of cattle he has now, and 500 acres of land. He, too, is a believer in getting the fights into the gym. Herrera might even open one himself. "There is fine material here," he said, "fine boys for mamañá, for the future. I was the first of them. I think, and in my old age I am proud."

Oddly, you may think, Herrera owes his preeminence in the village not to his boxing prowess but to his cattle, which, in the African tradition, serve as work animals rather than a source of meat, except in extreme need. Each year in Palenque, a traveling bullfight troupe arrives for the feast of Saint Basil. A temporary plaza de toros is set up, and the fights are well attended by the neighboring white landowners. The Palenqueros enjoy the rum and the fiesta atmosphere, but they hate to see the bulls bothered and they regard the out-of-town fans as barbarians. Cattle are family. It is legitimate, though, for the kids who herd them to use them as punching bags, to try out jabs and combinations on the animals' unprotesting flanks as they are herded home in the evenings.

Back at Celia's corral, Alessandro and the big boys with the headgear and the gloves yielded the ring to the little ones. The bouts were short and ferocious, and the limits of the ring means nothing. Swiftly, half a dozen informal battles broke out. Some of the girls who had been squealing encouragement now began squaring off with one another.

Alessandro wasn't amused by this, nor could he understand why the visitors could be bothered to watch the unstructured display. "Come, come," he said impatiently, "and I will show you the Coliseum."

A few streets away stood a building under construction, a simple cinder-block structure. "Here," said Alessandro grandly, "will be the showers. Here the room of the trainer. Here the heavy bag, the ring, the exercise equipment. The Coliseum will open in January." Goodby cattle corral. Goodby \$2 promotions. Alessandro, the nephew of Don Fermín, had many plans. One had the impression he was apologizing for the here-and-

now Palenque, that he couldn't wait for the Palenque to come.

Now at Celia's corral it was time for the girls to get their chance, and if betting was possible—something notably absent from Palenque—you would certainly have a little something on Rita Cimsorra, the southpaw in the off-the-shoulder white. Rita certainly was having the better of the action as Celia commanded the visitors to look at some colored snapshots of her son, 18-year-old Heriberto Torres. He is Palenque's newest hope, 32-3-0 as an amateur super flyweight and now training in Cartagena.

Joining the visitors, Pambelé looked at the photos. "Heriberto came to me when he was 12," he said. "He knelt down and he said, 'Pambelé, I beg you, give me some boxing gloves.' When he learned to read, I told him."

And indeed Heriberto did learn. One day not long ago he was on his way to train at a gym in Cartagena, carrying his book bag from the Liceo de Bolívar, a high school. A modest-mannered, good-looking lad, he had been "discovered" by a Cartagena promoter, Orlando Pineda, who now pays his expenses to live away from home. There seems little chance of Heriberto ever denying his heritage in the manner of Valdés.

He misses the comradeship he enjoyed in his cuadro, the Windstorm. "Did Nina tell you that the Windstorm made itself her personal bodyguard when she first came to Palenque five years ago, so she wouldn't be insulted or bothered?" he asked. He had to concede, however, that the cuadro tradition was fading. "There will always be good fighters in Palenque, though," he said.

And picked over more thoroughly than ever, no doubt, by scouts when Alessandro opens his gym and Pambelé gets his road. They will be better prepared than in the past, however, and in any case, for the Palenqueros there is really no other choice. "We have been voting for years," one woman said, "but it was a boxer who brought us our electric light and our water."

So it goes. When the Little Mouths and the Stars of Palenque and the Windstorm disappear, a piece of gallant history will go with them, something unique will be lost. But if Kid Pambelé gets his way, at least Palenque will have its black-top road as consolation.

END

He knows how to wear his diamonds.

A diamond is forever. De Beers



Oh what fun it is to ride...

O'er the fields they go.

Suzuki's RM-60, 80 and 100 are hot little motocrossers for little hot shots. The perfect gift for kids who like to be competitive. They come ready-to-race and rarin' to play.



Dashing to and fro.

The FZ-50 and FA-50 motorbikes and FS-50 scooter are perfect for getting from here to there. These little performers offer 100 mpg economy, easy kickstarting (no pedaling), and small price tags.



Making spirits bright.

ATS-100 dual-purpose bike will brighten anyone's spirits. This versatile performer loves playing in the dirt as well as commuting on the street. And, it comes in larger sizes for bigger kids. For grown-ups, too.

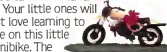


Laughing all the way.

For off-road fun, the DS-80 and DS-100 will have any member of the family jumping for joy. Over hills and trails, it's tough to match the DS bikes for excitement, dependability, or price.

Fa la la la la la la la.

Your little ones will just love learning to ride on this little minibike. The JR-50 comes with a removable power restrictor, so you control how fast it goes. And, there's a big red "off" switch for added safety. It's a little kid's dream come true!



With trimmings for all!

Our little motocross doll — we call him "Moto" — is just waiting for you to take home to your little riders. He's one of a kind! So, see your participating Suzuki dealer while supply lasts. And don't forget, there are loads of accessories that make great gifts, too.



Suzuki's Little Performers.



Member Motorcycle Safety Foundation. Ride with care. Always wear a helmet and protective apparel. Ride only where authorized and respect the environment.

ON THE SCENE

by RON FIMRE

YOU OUGHTA BE IN PICTURES—AND IT'S SO EASY AT THE INSTANT REPLAY BAR

The crowd of robust young men jostled for position in front of the six-foot color television screen, downing beers from 62-ounce pitchers at a relentless five-minutes-to-the-glass clip, commenting with inspired vulgarity on the action before them. "Hey, Rizzo's got the ball. Rizzo! Oh, what moves that mother has. ..." All in all, a typical weekend scene at the neighborhood tavern: a bunch of guys having a few beers and watching a game on the tube. Almost, but not quite, because these particular guys, members of the Santa Barbara, Calif., Grumions ragby team, were watching themselves play in a game videotaped that afternoon and shown that evening at Clyde Bennett's Instant Replay bar and grill. The big Rizzo fan was, in fact, Frank Rizzo himself, who is captain of the Grumions. Rizzo, like most Instant Replay patrons, was simply carried away by the sight of himself on TV. It was an exercise in narcissism made possible by a television crew consisting of ... Clyde Bennett.

Although the 42-year-old Bennett's principal occupation is teaching physical education at the Montecito Union Elementary School, he has been operating the Instant Replay since April 22. His inspiration came from 15 years of playing and umpiring in Santa Barbara's vast city recreation program. Bennett observed that weekend jocks such as himself do pretty much the same thing after every game: they go someplace to drink beer, watch a little TV and endlessly rehash the activities of the day. He also became aware of another quirk of human nature: people get a big kick out of seeing themselves on television. The seeds of a big idea were germinating.

Digging into his savings, Bennett bought \$6,000 worth of television equipment, including a camera with a zoom lens and a videotape machine. He knew he wanted to film his fellow softballers in action, but he didn't know where he could show the tapes. Should he charge admission? Should he be compensated for his expenditures or should he merely consider the whole endeavor a terribly expensive hobby? It was then that he took into account the importance of beer drinking to the postgame ritual. Bennett decided to become a publican. He searched Santa Barbara for available property and finally settled on a rundown former hippie bar at 33 West Anapamu Street. The Bennetts weren't deep in capital—"We depleted our savings to buy

this place," says Bennett's wife, Oleta—so the Instant Replay became pretty much a family operation. All of the Bennetts—daughters Anne, 22, and Laura, 14, and son, Mark, 18—work there, dishing up hamburgers, pouring wine and beer and helping Bennett film his games.

The place was packed beyond its 65-seat capacity on opening night, when the feature film was a women's softball game played the previous weekend, and it remained filled throughout the summer when, on a given night, players from as many as six softball teams could see themselves in action. "Softball is our bread and butter," says Bennett, but his camera was soon focused on other events in sports-mad Santa Barbara. Now, Bennett will videotape almost anything sportive, especially if the participants are up to buying a few beers afterward.

"My basic idea is that this is advertising," says Bennett of his gimmick. "We have the understanding that if I film the players, they'll come in to watch. After all, any bar can show NFL games or baseball's Game of the Week. We show those, too, but the thing here is seeing yourself." In a remarkably short time, the Instant Replay became a Santa Barbara institution, and word of Bennett's genius soon spread beyond the city limits, particularly after the bar was featured on an NBC newscast. "I've had calls from all over the country from people wanting to copy the idea," says Bennett. "And I don't suppose there's any way I can stop them from doing it."

Indeed, there is every possibility that the tavern industry will soon be inundated with imitation Instant Replays. Even the most diehard fan might be prepared to forgo the Pittsburgh Steelers, say, for the opportunity of seeing himself throw a game-winning pass in the neighborhood touch football league. Still, it's questionable if an operation as extensive as Bennett's could succeed anywhere outside of Santa Barbara. This lovely beach community of about 74,000 active and mostly affluent souls is what every Easterner seems to think all California is like. The sun, save for some early morning fog, shines benevolently on thousands of lean, tanned and partially dressed young men and women whose dedication to semi-nudity is such that outsiders in long pants are looked upon as fetishists. Even the city's old folks—and their number is considerable—faithfully observe the rules of debauchery.

continued



Taste is all it takes to switch to
Jim Beam.



Discover the pleasure first enjoyed in 1795.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 60 PROOF DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

The first skin diver's watch you'll be proud to wear on land.

The Depthmaster. Only from Croton. Don't let its good looks bely its accuracy. Tested water resistant to 300 feet, luminous hands, calendar, ultra-thin 3.1 mm quartz movement. Click stop feature. Plus the finest Swiss craftsmanship. \$210.00.

For the fine jeweler nearest you, write Croton Time Corp., PO Box 108, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520.



CROTON

The most famous player implicated in the Chicago Black Sox scandal was Shoeless Joe Jackson—a star many considered the equal of Cobb and Ruth. Now, new testimony of Jackson's innocence and proof of his neglected greatness highlight a splendid sports biography.

"Diamond fans will love this account...Gropman builds a strong case to prove Jackson's innocence."—*Publishers Weekly*

Say It Aint So, Joe!



The Story of Shoeless Joe Jackson

Donald Gropman

\$9.95 Illustrated Little, Brown

ON THE SCENE *continued*

Everyone, young and old, rich and middle-class, does something physical. This includes all the usual sports, plus local favorites like two-man beach volleyball and over-the-line, a form of three-to-a-team beach softball. Nobody in Santa Barbara even seems to walk much. The citizens propel themselves along the ocean-side thoroughfares on roller skates, bicycles and skateboards, and there seem to be more serious runners per capita than there are cab drivers in Manhattan. The waves are alive with surfers and the pools with swimmers.

Santa Barbara and the Instant Replay were made for each other, and Bennett's was an idea whose time had come. "We cover every sport, every age group," says Oleta. "Between Clyde and Mark, they know every jock in town." Just keeping up with what's going on has Bennett hopping, but besides his camera work, bar-keeping and schoolteaching, he's also the city's chief official for softball and basketball. On any one weekend, Bennett might umpire as many as 15 softball games. Fortunately, he's indefatigable, unflappable and doggedly good-humored.

One Friday not long ago, Bennett, wearing his yellow Instant Replay sports shirt and checkered slacks, popped into his bar-restaurant shortly after 10 in the morning. At noon, he would be showing a videotape of the dramatic semifinal game in the women's city soccer tournament. At two, he would be taping the Santa Barbara Invitational Triples Lawn Bowling Tournament, and at 6:30 he would film a practice game between players from the Grunions and U.C.-Santa Barbara. After that, it would be back to the bar for the rugby telecast. The next day, he would umpire five softball games in Ojai, 35 miles east of Santa Barbara, while Mark stayed in town to videotape the women's soccer finals between the Sockers and Nick's Chicks.

"I have fun here," Bennett said, glancing about his modest establishment.

The Instant Replay, with its red straight-back chairs, large front windows and honey, have-a-hamburger atmosphere, looks more like a lunch counter than a bar, which is the way Bennett wants it. As a schoolteacher he retains a slightly pantanal approach to his new business, preferring to call the Replay a "restaurant," although the fare is largely limited to hamburgers. He serves only wine and beer, primarily because he thinks male jocks are beer drinkers and

female jocks are wine drinkers, but also because he doesn't want to assume the responsibility hard liquor involves. Still, an occasional drunk will wander into the place by mistake, momentarily despoiling the locker-room ambience Bennett so assiduously cultivates.

Such occurrences are rare, however. The Replay is so jockish in conversation, entertainment and decor—the walls are adorned with action photographs of myriad Santa Barbara sports events—that patrons accustomed to more conventional watering holes become quickly disoriented, especially when they perceive that the game on the back-wall screen isn't the Rams and the Cowboys but the Sockers and Nick's Chicks.

Or, perhaps even lawn bowlers. On a recent afternoon Bennett pucked up his camera and portable tape machine and headed for a tournament at the Santa Barbara Lawn Bowling Club, a block away. It was, of course, a sunny day, and the setting was as pastoral and serene as a painting by Renoir. The bowling green was marble smooth and shaded by a profusion of trees—palms and eucalypti and a gigantic Moreton Bay fig whose branches spread protectively over the elderly bowlers. The Spanish towers of the old Arlington Theater rose in the distance, framed against the hazy blue peaks of the Santa Ynez Mountains. The bowlers wore white, and because many of them were British expatriates, they seemed to have been transported to Santa Barbara from another century.

Into this gauzy scene strode the lumber-jawed Bennett in his yellow shirt, camera perched on his shoulder, bustling among the bowlers as if he were filming the Game of the Week. He was, predictably, the object of much curiosity. "You mean he's photographing us for television?" a woman in an umbrella hat inquired. "Incredible." Simply by being there, Bennett was drumming up business for the Replay, although it did occur to him that the elegant old lawn bowlers were hardly the sort of people who would lose an afternoon watching TV in a bar. Still, they were gratified to learn that they could see themselves that very afternoon if they wished, at a place so nearby. "As I understand it, you will give me a replay for a beer," a gray-haired woman said in a cultivated British accent.

Bennett moved on, focusing his camera on a portly septuagenarian in white shorts and a pith helmet. "I'm planning

continued

RIDE INTO THE SOUND SET.



Move on down the road with a set of Delco-GM's Delco Sound™ extended range dual cone or coaxial speakers.

Listen to those scorching highs. Feel those thundering basses. In no time at all, you'll be up to your ears in that moving Delco-GM sound.

Delco-GM is the sound of experience. And nowhere is our 44-year history of auto sound development more evident than in our Delco Sound speakers.

They're designed to work with your car—not against it. Delco Sound extended range speakers are engineered to produce a frequency response pattern that actually enhances the automotive listening

environment. And each is built to stand up to all the demanding conditions a car puts a speaker through—so they'll sound just as great down the road as they do today.

And for a really moving experience, team our extended range speakers with a Delco-GM ETR™ (electronically tuned receiver). Order it with a cassette or CB—however you do it, you'll have a system that gives you a lot of music for your money.

For more information on Delco Sound speakers and the full line of Delco-GM sound systems, take a ride to your Chevrolet, Pontiac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Cadillac or GMC dealer.

Delco-GM Sound...a moving experience.



Science. The Great Adventure

Science. It's a world that's too much with us to let it go by unnoticed, unreported. For it is how we live, what we do with our resources, our imagination. It is technology, medicine, psychology, genealogy, its computers, cosmology, chemistry. It is genetics, phonetics, zoology, biology. It is outer space and universe. It is mysteries, some revealed, others still hidden. It is the vastness of nature, the nature of questions asked and answers applied. It is a great adventure: a voyage of discovery. And DISCOVER is Time Incorporated's newest newsmagazine—a journal of all the sciences of what scientists are doing and thinking, of what it portends now and tomorrow. DISCOVER. It will be written for non-scientists who nonetheless intend to know the news of science. It will have powerful writing and unforgettable pictures. It will be revealing, challenging, fascinating. Join us now. As a Charter Subscriber to this exploration of the many worlds of science. Phone toll free, 800-621-8200. In Illinois, 800-972-8302. Begin your voyage of discovery with one phone call.

D7420



ON THE SCENE continued

to do four hours on lawn bowling," he said. "These people say they'll come to watch." But he knew that lawn bowling was a gamble. Rugby, his subject later in the day, wasn't. "I like rugby players because they're good beer drinkers and they're big eaters, too."

Ruggers, softballers, lawn bowlers, women soccer players, volleyballers—all come to the Instant Replay, a bar that truly makes a statement on the human condition. "It's thrilling to see yourself score," says Replay customer Allison Arp, a center forward for the Sockers and a graduate student in marine biology at U.C.-Santa Barbara. "I played football through the college level," says rugger Rizzo, "and we always had films. But they were used so the coaches could get on you. Here, you just have a few beers and enjoy yourself. You can see for yourself what you're doing wrong and there's nobody to get on you."

So far the Bennetts haven't gotten rich operating their unusual tavern, but they're staying afloat and they're having as much fun, for all of the labor, as their customers. "Basically, we're an athletic family, a crazy family, not a normal family," says Oleta, who quit her job as a counselor for the Santa Barbara County Probation Department to help out at the Replay. "I listen to the conversations in here, and it seems to me that a lot of these jocks can't really have a close relationship with one another except through sports. They rarely look deeply into themselves. Maybe that's why they like to see themselves up there."

Non-jocks have also tried to get in on Bennett's act. He did agree to tape a rock concert rehearsal and he has filmed a wedding reception that was held, conveniently, in the Replay, but he rejected a suggestion from a known porno operator that he enliven his format with X-rated material. These are mere aberrations, though. Bennett holds firm to his original scheme. "This," he says, with determination, "is a jock bar."

Bennett enjoys telling of the night an attractive young woman dropped in, obviously noticing that the Replay was populated with fit young men. She sat unattended at the bar as, to her amazement, the men spent their time shouting at their images on the screen. After some minutes of this, she turned to Bennett and asked, "Say, what kind of a place is this, anyway?" She couldn't have known what a good question that was.

END



*"Is that what they taught you at repair school, Larson?
A good swift kick?"*

Larson doesn't work for Kodak. Our business machines are designed for quick, easy maintenance, and our service people are equipped with the very finest equipment and techniques. All of which eliminates the need for "impact adjustments."

The way we look at it, Kodak people actually work for you. So they're stationed nearby to provide prompt service. They're dedicated to one ideal: to keep your work flowing. Nothing's more important than that. Count on it.

Writer: Eastman Kodak Company,
CD0460, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

**Kodak service: Good training,
good tools, good people.**



Kodak Extaprint 150AF copier-duplicator

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Nobody does it better.

Winston

© 1994 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
KING: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



**This is your world.
This is your Winston.
Taste it all.**



Yesterday

by FRANK BIANCO

FOR BROWN, THE WRONG SHOE WAS ON THE FOOT IN THE '16 ROSE BOWL GAME

After Michigan routed Stanford 49-0 in 1902 to win the first Rose Bowl, Tournament of Roses promoters had to wait 14 years before finding another West Coast team willing to take on an Eastern opponent. There were other events during the hiatus—chariot racing, broncobusting, egg-and-spoon racing—but no football game until unbeaten Washington State accepted the challenge in 1916.

That season's champ from the East, Syracuse (9-1-2), was invited to face State, but the Orangemen, who had already taken a three-game swing through the West that season, declined. Despite a mediocre record (5-3-1) by bowl standards, Brown was the second choice. The game's promoters had been impressed with the Bruins' late-season wins over Yale and Carlisle and with their star halfback, Fritz Pollard, who the following year would become the first black running back to make Walter Camp's All-America team. For Brown, this first and only appearance in a postseason game wouldn't be an experience it would want to repeat.

The Bruins' journey to California was the longest any college team had taken to play a single football game. They had reservations at a hotel in Pasadena, but upon their arrival, the desk clerk announced that the hotel had space for everyone except Pollard. This wasn't the first time the team had encountered such prejudice. On the train coming out, Pollard hadn't been allowed to sit with his teammates in the dining car. At the hotel, Assistant Coach Bill Sprackling demanded to see the manager. When the clerk refused, Sprackling pounded on the desk bell and shouted, "If there isn't a room for Fritz Pollard, none of us wants one." The manager appeared, and Pollard got a room.

Two days before the game, the team was taken on a sightseeing trip that included a tour of an ostrich farm that bordered an orange grove. According to Jay Barry, author of a forthcoming biography of Pollard, "Most of the players were from the East and had never seen oranges on trees. So they hopped the fence and gorged themselves. They paid the price with a bad case of diarrhea."

Meanwhile, Washington State was having a grand time acting as if it were an Ivy League team. Before leaving Pullman, Coach Bill (Lone Star) Dietz arranged for his players to work as extras in the movie *Brown of Harvard*. Years later, Dick Hanley, a halfback on the team, would recall, "For two weeks before the game we were busy all day filming the football scenes. We thus com-

pressed for the weather." Two nights before, snow had fallen in Pasadena for the first time in 16 years. Things had warmed up by game time, but it was still precipitating. The rain that day would make the '16 Rose Bowl one of only three that have been played in wet weather.

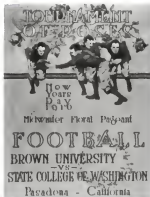
"We'd all left our rain cleats back in Providence," says Pollard. "Who'd need them in sunny California, we'd figured. The shorter dry-weather cleats allowed me to move faster and got me going sooner, but Lord, they'd be an anchor in the mud!"

At 2:15 p.m. Washington State kicked off through a wall of water that had turned the playing surface into a quagmire. Pollard fielded the kick and was still trying to get a foothold in the mud when he was tackled. "By the time we'd run our first four plays, you couldn't tell any of the players apart," says Pollard. "We were covered from head to toe with California."

Because Pollard was improperly shod, it hardly mattered that the Cougars were keying on him. "Heck, I'd go down sometimes without them even laying a finger on me," he says. Brown Quarterback Clair Parry did his best to exploit the opposition's concentration on Pollard by decoying Fritz around end while he and Halfback Harold (Buzz) Andrews probed the middle. The play worked for a while. Late in the second quarter the Bruins reached the Washington State four but came away empty-handed.

About five minutes into the third period, with the score still 0-0, Pollard left the game choking on mud and water. After regaining his breath, he repeatedly pleaded with Coach Edward North Robinson to put him back in. Robinson refused, explaining that without rain cleats and exhausted from his efforts during the first half, Pollard could hardly improve on his replacement, Irving Fraser. Pollard later learned how memorable a scene he'd created with his constant entreaties.

"I met Walt Disney while playing in the pros," he says. "He told me he was at the game, and the sight of me jumping up and down from the bench had never left his mind. Years later he used the scene in a Mickey Mouse cartoon."



bined our movie work with training for the game, and Lone Star, a real dandy, who carried a cane and wore a silk hat and spats when he coached, got a part as one of the principals in the picture. We made about \$100 apiece and bet it all on ourselves to beat Brown."

On the morning of the game, the Bruins were the guests of honor at the Tournament of Roses parade, which featured the first bathing beauties ever to appear in the pageant. "They wore black bloomers, stockings and swimming tops," says Pollard, who is now 86 and living in New Rochelle, N.Y. "They were the only ones

continued

A lot of car makers today are trying to sell you economy with EPA figures. But at Volvo, we believe true economy isn't more miles per gallon. It's more years per car.

So if you just want to buy less gas and save a little money, look at EPA figures. But if you like the idea of buying fewer cars and saving a lot, consider Volvo's figures.

* Average life expectancy of a Volvo in Sweden. Driving conditions in the United States may differ. So your Volvo may not last as long. Then again, it may last longer.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.



18.7 YEARS HIGHWAY.
18.7 YEARS CITY.



800- CALL THIS TOLL-FREE NUMBER 621- IT'S THE QUICKEST, EASIEST WAY TO... 8200

In Illinois call 800-972-8302

- RENEW your own SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscription.
- ORDER a new subscription.
- GIVE a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED subscription to a deserving sports fan

In SPORTS ILLUSTRATED you'll get all the action, color and excitement of your favorite sports. Every week. All year round.

Football, hockey, baseball, basketball. Tennis, golf, boxing, sailing, running. SI's got them all covered. With vivid full-color photography and dynamic writing that give you an insider's insight into the crucial plays, the surprise moves, the winning strategies.

So call SI's special toll-free number today, or write to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We'll be happy to bill you later.

Sports Illustrated

IN A LEAGUE BY ITSELF

toon. It's the one in which Mickey's team plays these big lions, and Mickey keeps popping up from the bench and says, "Put me in, please, Coach, put me in."

Besides being a premier runner, Pollard was one of the nation's most heralded defensive backs. For most of the game he played the right side, so as soon as he was benched, the Cougars stepped up their assault on that flank of the Brown defense. The result was a three-yard scoring run by Halfback R.R. Boone.

But even while Pollard had been playing, Washington State had been operating on the notion that the right side of the Bruin defense wasn't as strong as the left. Before the game, a member of the Brown entourage jokingly suggested to some Cougar players that 6'3", 225-pound Right Tackle Mark Farnum was the weak link of the defense. The humor was lost on the Cougars, who ran right at Farnum all day. "He took such a battering that after the game he was covered from neck to feet in blood," says Barry. "And because the blood had coagulated all over his body, he had to have his canvas uniform cut off."

Late in the fourth quarter, after State had scored again, a sympathetic locker-room man dug up an old pair of shoes fitted with rain cleats and took them out to the Brown bench. "They were way too big, but I strapped them on any which way," says Pollard. "I knew we couldn't change the outcome, but I wanted to show them what might have happened if things had been different."

On the final play of the game Purdy called a reverse with Fritz carrying. His oversized cleats spraying a wake of mud, Pollard picked up nine yards, which gave him 47 on the day, the lowest output of his college career.

Although Brown never scored—the game ended in a 14-0 Washington State victory—Pollard thinks that the reverse, along with the Bruins' determination in adversity, convinced the Tournament of Roses promoters to make the game an annual event. "The crowd loved the action," he says, "and the publicity we generated convinced the promoters there was money to be made in an annual East-West game."

The day also provided Pollard with a personal lesson. From then on, through another season of college ball and eight as a pro, he carried two pairs of cleats—one for dry turf, one for mud.

END

WHEN YOU PLAY SOCCER, YOU LOSE:

SODIUM,

POTASSIUM,

CHLORIDE,

GLUCOSE

AND WATER.



AND YOU CAN'T PLAY AS WELL WITHOUT THEM.

When you're sweating it out so hard you can taste it, you're losing a lot more than water. Your body's sweating away minerals and salts. Elements important to your game.

They're things that help your body work. And Gatorade® thirst quencher helps put 'em back. Better than fruit juice, ordinary soft drinks or water. Before body thirst gets the best of you.

That's why the pros use Gatorade. And why it'll work for you. Regular or Instant Gatorade gives you more, when your body needs it most.

GATORADE® GIVES YOUR BODY WHAT IT'S THIRSTY FOR.



© 1990 Stokely-Carmel Camp, Inc.





**HBO PEOPLE
ARE GETTING
ROCKY II
AND 20 OTHER
BIG HITS FOR LESS
THAN THE COST
OF TAKING THEIR
FAMILY TO
A SINGLE MOVIE.**

**WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING?**

Month after month, HBO people see big blockbusters like *Superman*, *Every Which Way But Loose*, *The Muppet Movie*, ... *And Justice For All*. And lots more.

They see dazzling entertainment specials and exclusive sports, too. All for less than the cost of taking their family to a single movie. And all without a single cut or commercial.

So don't you miss out. Call your local cable company or authorized HBO distributor and sign up for America's finest entertainment value.

**HBO PEOPLE
DON'T MISS OUT.**

HBO
HOME BOX OFFICE®

HBO is available in areas served by cable TV and selected apartment buildings and private residences. For more information, write HBO, Time Life Bldg., N.Y., N.Y. 10039.
© 1980 Home Box Office Inc.

THUMB UP

Sir:

Re *This Could Be Their Last Grasp*, Nov. 10. Ridiculous, ridiculous.

Don't ever count the Steelers out. Super Bowl XV belongs to Pittsburgh. I'd bet my life on it.

DAVE ZERA
Rockford, Ill.

Sir:

I find it unbelievable that you could print an article giving up on the Super Bowl champion Pittsburgh Steelers when both of their starting wide receivers were out, together with their best running back and their regular quarterback. How could you expect them to play at their normal level of excellence?

Keep an eye on those Steelers and watch them get "one for the thumb."

MICHAEL SELISER
Merer Island, Wash.

Sir:

Most Steeler fans (and I, too) make more noise when the Steelers go awry than when they win consistently. Fans in Pittsburgh don't appreciate Steeler wins; they expect them. The days go by, the fans wake up, eat, work, go back to sleep, day in, day out. And when Sunday comes, they wake up, eat, the Steelers win and they go back to sleep. It's a routine, and when this routine is broken with a Steeler loss—look out. "Bums!" "They've had it!" And so forth.

T. SCHOLZE
Pittsburgh

THE MARQUEE OF GREATNESS

Sir:

Thank you for being among the first to recognize Marques Johnson as one of the premier forwards in the NBA (*At the Top of His Profession*, Nov. 10). Johnson is overshadowed by other players because he doesn't receive as much ink or get a lot of exposure through endorsements.

I'm glad, too, that John Papanek mentioned Johnson's excellent education. Many people think all college athletes take nothing but easy classes to graduate. Perhaps this will lead people to reconsider.

JIM BAY
DeKalb, Ill.

Sir:

Photographer Lane Stewart did a superb job in showing the grace of a professional basketball player.

MARK PEET
Fairport, N.Y.

Sir:

John Papanek as much as said that Marques Johnson was the best forward in basketball. I agree. He also said Magic Johnson

had "no equal at guard." I disagree. Granted, Magic is good and getting better, but he's certainly not the best. The best all-round guard in basketball is Dennis Johnson. David Thompson and Paul Westphal are both better than Magic. And Michael Ray Richardson, Ray Williams and George Gervin are certainly his equal.

KEITH COHEN
Albany, N.Y.

NEW OLD SAN ANTONIO

Sir:

The article on the San Antonio Spurs (*Spurs That Jangle Juggle Mangle*, Nov. 10) was great for only a two-page story. The Spurs, though, should be on your cover. San Antonio's recent road victories over Los Angeles and Seattle, the NBA champs the last two seasons, should tell you something about Coach Stan Albeck's "new" team. One more thing: Hey, Iceman, with the Lumberjacks and the rest of the gang shooting well, you don't have to find your jump shot. Just make sure the man you're guarding doesn't find his.

CHRIS TURKMAN
Los Angeles

Sir:

The Spurs are going places even Columbus couldn't find. But let's not forget their coach, Stan Albeck. What he's done with that team is nothing short of incredible. With the greatest fans in the NBA in the immortal Baseline Bums behind them in San Antonio and me cheering them on in Los Angeles, the Spurs aren't going to stop until they get that championship ring.

JULIE ALBECK
Tazama, Calif.

• Julie is the youngest of Stan and Phyllis Albeck's five children.—ED

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION

Sir:

As I began reading Bob Ottum's article on Bruce Jenner (*Hey, Mister Fantasy Man*, Nov. 3), I found his use of a movie script writing style disconcerting. However, as I went on, the technique proved superb, blending fantasy and storybook success with the reality of Bruce Jenner, athlete and moral.

I hope SI readers will continue to be treated to creative approaches by your writing staff.

THOMAS J. SEARSON
Glendale, Calif.

Sir:

Fade in to Valene's ear-to-ear smile as the first spots the long-awaited article on her favorite athlete, Bruce Jenner. The cameraman holds this shot while the voice-over is heard for the first time.

VOICE-OVER

Today is the big day in Val's life. After four long years, a nine-page article on Bruce Jenner is placed before her. What an opportunity to get to know more about Bruce and become even a bigger fan of his. But wait! (Camera zooms in for a close-up of her face.) Valene doesn't look happy or excited. What's wrong?

VALERIE

How could such an abnormal article have been written about such a great, normal guy? I completely missed the good things said about Bruce because they were overwhelmed by voice-overs, cameramen, fade ins, music, etc. A terrific guy like Jenner deserves a terrifically written article.

Up music and fade out as the camera closes in on the train running down Valene's disappointed face.

VALERIE HULL
Orem, Utah

Sir:

For Mr. Jenner's peace of mind: The "That man is a success..." quote was written by Robert Louis Stevenson.

DAN MOHAN
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir:

Please tell Jenner that the author of his favorite saying was Ralph Waldo Emerson, DOLORES ROMANYSKY, Kettering, N.C.

Sir:

The words (slightly garbled in Jenner's version) were written by Besie Anderson Stanley (1879-1953) in 1904. I knew her well; she was my wife's grandmother and, to use Jenner's words in another context, "a great, great lady."

R. L. LANE
Omaha

• Sentiments quite similar to Jenner's quote can be found in all three places.—ED

NOT SO TENDER TRAP

Sir:

Could you please tell me if Measure 5 passed in Oregon (*VIEWPOINT*, Nov. 3). I pray that it did, because I was horrified by the number of people who allow innocent animals to die painful and cruel deaths. Michael Baughman's excellent article touched me strongly.

BILL HOWARD
Knoxville, Tenn.

• Measure 5 was soundly defeated.—ED

Sir:

I would like to suggest that Michael Baughman and Sara Polenick get together and buy a small spread out here in coyote country.

Baughman says that it is the same old story
continued

ZENITH AUDIO HI-SPECS HI-STYLE

Zenith has integrated stereo systems. And stereo components. All with the specs you're looking for. All styled for the '80s. All soundin' good.

Zenith AM/FM receivers have the kind of sophisticated audio controls you need to make good sound even better. And Zenith receivers really put out the watts per channel. With pre-amps that give you superior tone and minimum distortion.* And tuners that lock onto the stereo signal you select with pinpoint accuracy.

Zenith Allegro speakers can handle up to 100 watts of pure power. And handle it so efficiently that comparably sized air-suspension systems need twice the amplifier power to match Allegro sound reproduction. Also, all Allegro speakers

feature a tuned port that extends and reinforces bass response and helps reduce distortion.

Zenith belt-driven turntables are so precise that wow and flutter are virtually eliminated. And each has a sensitive S-shaped tone arm that is balanced for the lightest possible touch.

And Zenith cassette with Dolby is engineered to reproduce the best sound possible.**

Now that you know what we have, see a Zenith dealer.

And listen.

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on.*

Audio. The Flipside of Zenith.



*Speaker systems range from 3 watts of power output per channel from 60 to 20,000 Hz, and 5 ohms with 7% maximum total harmonic distortion to 60 watts per channel from 20 to 20,000 Hz, and 8 ohms with 0.5% maximum.

**Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

of ranchers promoting their own interests ahead of broader concerns. If that means protecting your domestic animals or chickens or range-born calves or foals, you'd better believe that I am one of those people. Baughman, and the rest of the bleeding hearts, may know that rodents make up the bulk of the coyote's diet. Only problem is that nobody ever took time to explain that to the coyotes. Humans kill only adult buck deer and antelope for meat. Coyotes kill twice as many deer and antelope fawns.

Contrary to Baughman's statement, most stockmen do know that the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service will handle trapping free of charge. However, does Baughman have any idea of the amount of red tape, documentary evidence and time required to obtain this service? A calf-killing coyote could die of old age first!

I say, "Thank God for commercial trappers." The coyote may or may not be endangered as a species, but every one that I get in the sights of my rifle sure is. I would damned sight rather see a fawn or a newborn calf or foal on this range than a stinking, mangy, sneaking coyote.

A.R. MARTIN
Peach Springs, Ariz.

UPSTART BOOTERS Sir

It's *Happy Days at Appy's* (Nov. 16) presented an excellent portrayal of soccer Coach Hank Sonnenbrecher. Having played for and coached with Hank for five years, I found myself agreeing with J.D. Reed's impression of the man.

However, Reed failed to make clear one thing that all of Sonnenbrecher's players, past and present, would agree upon—not only does he teach his athletes a lot about soccer, but he also teaches them a lot about life. That kind of ability and insight is increasingly hard to find in top-level sports.

ERIC VALCHER
Dayton

Sir

Instead of writing about a team largely made up of foreigners, why not write of the schools with American talent—the University of Connecticut, for instance? Not only is it an all-American team but the majority of the players come from in-state. Joseph P. Morzone is one of the most respected coaches in college soccer, and his Huskies, as of this writing in mid-November, are ranked third in the nation with a record of 19-1 and a 17-game

winning streak. The two schools ranked above them, the University of San Francisco and Alabama A&M, are both totally dependent on foreigners.

You ought to show your readers—and young soccer players—that good, exciting college soccer need not rely on a multinational scheme.

WILLIAM Z. CULLEN
Birmingham

THE NAME OF THE GAME Sir

The LPGA did not change the Colgate-Danah Shore Winners Circle to the Colgate-Dinah Shore (VOLUME 10, Nov. 16). This Association does not have the power to do that. However, the sponsor, the Colgate-Palmolive Company, made a corporate decision to shorten the name to Colgate-Dinah Shore to follow the Associated Press' new guidelines that stipulate clean and precise titles.

JOHN A. HEWIG
Director, Communications, LPGA
New York City

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New
York, New York, 10020

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE WITH THE PURCHASE OF FOUR MAXELL CASSETTES.



If you appreciate great music, you'll be certain to appreciate these special recordings. Each album features unusually talented performers, and the selected cuts have been mastered on Maxell tape with special attention to production values and musical balance.

To get your choice of our Rock, Classical or Jazz Sampler free, just buy four UD-XL 190 or UD-XL II 90 cassettes.

Imagine that, not only do you get great tape, but a great record as well.

The supply is limited; so see your participating Maxell dealer soon.

maxell
IT'S WORTH IT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 40 Oxford Dr., Mahwah, N.J. 07430

HERE'S PROOF HAVOLINE SUPREME IS TERRIFIC FOR BOTH HALVES OF YOUR CAR.



**Trooper-tested
engine protection up front.**



**Backed by
improved mileage.**

Havoline Supreme was driven as hard as most people ever drive to prove it delivers engine protection.

In fact, in a million punishing miles of state trooper service, including jackrabbit accelerations and hot pursuit, Havoline Supreme 10W-40 motor oil delivered engine protection.

That's not surprising. Havoline Supreme is formulated to exceed today's tough, new SF motor oil performance standard.

And Havoline Supreme delivered in fuel economy tests, too. Using cars with a variety of engines, it delivered improved mileage compared to a conventional 10W-40 motor oil.

Havoline Supreme has the proof: up-front protection backed by improved mileage.

That's a good reason to name this Havoline, Supreme.



Exceeds the tough, new
SF motor oil
performance standard.

GIVE YOUR DRINKS OUR GOOD NAME.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin
makes the best drinks possible. Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Seagram's



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 40 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK